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## LETTER.

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NOW, my dear son, that you  
are entered on the great stage  
of life, I think it my duty to give  
you the best advice I can. I feel  
far

far more alarmed at those dangers, which you have to engage from the passions in the turbulent warfare of life, than at those risks you may be exposed to from the most stormy sea, or unpromising battle; there you can only lose your life! I trust I have taught you to think, that the loss of Honor, and the approbation of your own mind, is a far more dreadful misfortune.

I have ever told you, I would rather see you dead than branded with dishonor—want of truth—or any thing unlike the conduct of a *Gentleman*: a Title, which when a man truly deserves, is far more Honorable than any which Majesty can bestow.

From

From your want of reflection I have often perhaps appeared little anxious for your Glory, in the declarations which I made that I am glad you are not placed in an exalted rank, and that the conduct of others renders your enjoying that independent fortune to which you were born, totally now, depending upon your acquiring it—yet a fervent desire to see you a worthy member of society makes me think thus, for it is far more Honorable, to shine from your own brilliant actions, than from borrowed light from others; and a man incapable of them is best hid in obscurity.

Your situation prevents you from thinking like too many young men

of fashion, that you have a prerogative in your rank and fortune—for ignorance—dissipation—and insignificance of character. You will not arrive at any rank in your profession, but what your services merit, as you are neither a Toad-eater of the Great, nor I trust ever will stoop to complaisant degrading services; which too often secures the protection of them.

In seeing illiterate upstarts pass you in preferment, or usurp a superiority over you in society; do not lessen yourself by admitting a feeling of envy, or resentment; they only merit, and meet the contempt of every honest mind, which sinks them with all their “ Blushing Honors thick upon

"upon them," beneath either envy, or notice. Such men, instead of becoming more respectable by being placed in high situations, only render their vices and follies more conspicuous.

You are descended from, and I trust will honorably represent an ancestor, who without thirst for grandeur—or wealth—more nobly distinguished himself for Patriotism—Bravery—and Humility—than if he had been born to the first office of the state; yet how weak and vain would you be, to think that the Blood and Name of William W—ce gives you any claim to partake his Glory! if you give equal proofs of intrepidity—humility—and patriotism,

otism—shew yourself, though not like him the Protector of your country, yet its most zealous enterprising servant—then may you expect the world to say, William W——ce lives again in his successor.

When I see empty ignorant cox-combs, whose vanity is fed because descended from great men—strut in fancied superiority over men of humble merit—men of genius—honour—and decent manners—all of which qualities they want, I always think of the fable of the jack-daw, who strutted in the borrowed plumes of the peacock, to the derision of all the other birds. One distinguished Virtue is worth all the Titles in the Court Kalender.

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*“ Le Premier qui fut Roi, fut un soldat herreux”*

*“ Qui fert bien son pay n'a pas besoin des ayeux.”*

There was much sound palpable argument, in the speech of a country lad to an idler, who boasted his ancient family—"so much the worse fellow you," said the peasant, as we plowmen say, "The older "the Seed the worse the Crop."

You cannot fail to wish by your own merit, to regain that fortune which the errors of others has robbed you of, and to do honor to the noble blood which runs in your veins.—You have the advantage, scarcely emerged from childhood, to join the army in the hour of battle, when the British arms  
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are gloriously employed in checking the pride of Tippoo Saib, and redressing the miseries in which his tyranny has overwhelmed India.

You have opened to you a fair field of glorious emulation, in following the footsteps of my beloved brother, Colonel M——ll, whose whole conduct will point out to you every moral, as well as warlike virtue. Should you add glory—riches—and renown—to your name, be assured half the noblest families in Europe will glory in their relationship to you; and fly to embrace and crown you with laurels; but should you become the dissipated or inactive Captain—their pride hurt by so inglorious a connection will revolt at the

the remembrance of it, and their resentment give destroying arms against you ; even should you remain poor, though signalized for valour, remember it is one of the mean Privileges of the Great to neglect impoverished worth ; therefore, although I think it highly advantageous for every young man of fashion to enter on life without a fortune, I by no means think it so that he should live without one.

How honorable those riches and honors acquired gloriously ! That sentiment which makes me calmly see you exposed, even in the morning of your days, thus to die for Honor, will doubly make me exult in seeing you live to enjoy every eclat

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which it can bestow upon your services.

What a pity it is that Honors are made hereditary ! what a fund of patronage would be vested in government to reward its servants ! what superiority would the nobles possess — justly possess—were honors never bestowed but for great actions, and only revived to their successors when voted to them by parliament, after they have by public services shewed they merit a like distinction : were titles thus to rest in abeyance, what heroism—and virtue—would it excite in their descendants, in place of that superstitious, illiterate libertinism, which so many of the nobility, think the patents bestowed upon

upon their forefathers, expiate—and ennable.

The happy Constitution of England has rooted out one of the chief causes of the haughty over-bearance of the nobility, one of the greatest sources of the present Revolution of France, by reforming a number of rights tyranically bestowed on them, which honest citizens could not claim. They were stigmatized as an inferior order of mankind, degrading to the nobles either as society—or connections—whilst all the taxes which supported the haughty inactive pride of the nobles was paid by their industry and labor. Now, to the Honor of England, every man, however, hum-

bly placed, who distinguishes himself in Virtue—or Glory—becomes dearer to his country than even Royalty itself.

Our taxes, wisely directed, fall chiefly on the Great—the necessaries of life here are cheaper than in the poorest of the neighbouring kingdoms—and luxuries are extravagantly dear—where the noblesse have undue influence, we find dissipation, and every thing which can gratify their wishes cheap—and subsistence for the poor mechanic, charged with incredible taxes.

Our Nobility have only preserved one Prerogative which the Civil Law has not reached; which is, the right

right of being dissipated—and ignorant, without its having the same injurious consequences to them, as to men in the second class; but they are not looked up to with less contempt by the mind's eye;—no! it only tempts mankind to regret the encrease of a Peerage which they render offensive.

You have seen enough of public life already, to know that people of high rank, who act unworthily, are held in great contempt—in spite of the gay train who pay court to them, to partake these jollities, they are often, even by those who are placed the nearest to them, held up to ridicule. This appears to have been long the way of the world; since

Solomon

Solomon says, "Fools make Feasts,  
and wise men go to eat them."

Grandeur and riches add the most brilliant advantages to virtuous—great actions—but how do they aggravate the vices of the Nobles! who in a manner stand pledged to the throne from whence they hold their honors to preserve them unstained; and to set good examples to society.

Had you been educated with an independent fortune, perhaps you might have turned out a foolish spendthrift, and before you arrived at the prime of life, have been without occupation—or principle—overwhelmed with all those pains—  
regrets

regrets—and disgraces—which ever attend the idle, undone Votary of Dissipation; on the contrary, should those principles of probity, and high-minded emulation, with which I have studied to inspire you—awaken in you those long dormant sparks of glory in your family; what happiness is there in store for you! what self-approbation! the only true comfort one can ever enjoy, unmixed with alloy—one, which if you ever preserve untainted by remorse, I can, from experience, assure you, amidst all the cruel mortifications—and afflictions—the injustice and perfidy of men—or the calamities of fortune can inflict—will ever afford you in your calm moments, when you look inwards on yourself—a consolation!—

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a transport which the world cannot reach. But should one deviation from that rectitude which your own mind must approve — ever humble you in your own eyes—let it be repaid by power, riches, or any other enjoyment, you may become great—be courted—and exalted—but you'll never be happy !

An undefinable something, placed in every man's breast, will ever direct him right—if he has firmness enough to consult it, upon his first entering upon life, but if once you give way to passion, this good Genius will fly you—it is true, we often see the most profligate turn from the most destructive path; and in the Laws of God, and Man, find the road to

duty, but no longer can the uncorrupted voice of Purity, and Integrity, speak in his heart—no longer Peace smile upon his solitude ;—and the most delicious moments which a reflecting mind can enjoy, is when retired from the toils and disappointments of life, seated in some solitary, tranquil spot, where the Sun, hiding himself behind the mountain, leaves the pensive looking Moon to ascend with a rapid motion—which tempts us to reflect on our short passage to Eternity.—Then the memory of past scenes, which the heart approves, exulting in acts of generosity—or even sufferings, which probity made one a prey to—then, and only then, can any one truly say, they are happy.

How many, especially of those who have returned from India, have not been able to face the enemy in their own bosoms!—How wretched must his existence be whose conscience reproaches him with injustice or cruelty—in vain will he rush into every dissipation, to silence those reflections which harrow up the soul!

Let the reflection—I hope it will ever prove to you a dear recollection, of those cheerful hours of heart-felt content which I have past in the most uncouth solitude, totally devoted to the training your heart to virtue—your body to strength—and your mind to firmness and emulation; ever keep this truth uppermost in your mind; it will equally place you above the seductions

ductions of vice—or the being rendered unhappy by unmerited misfortune.

The profession which you have chosen, is the most laborious and critical which exists; it requires far more to make a good officer, than that he should boldly face the enemy;—it is a profession which requires the practice of every virtue, and the exertion of every talent cleverness and judgement can bestow.

I am persuaded you will ever look upon the service in another light than as the road to preferment—riches—and command—which engages too many frivolous fellows to become Captains. Should any of these ideas

occupy your mind, how much am I deceived in the very high opinion I have of you ! and how unhappy all—all of them will render you. Should preferment be your object, you must prepare often to see the steps which you merit, given to another.—If riches should interest you, what danger that you may, in too greedily acquiring them, forfeit your probity, by unwarrantable pillage—and peculation.—No, my dear W. you think differently ;—young as you are, you feel that the duty of a soldier comprehends every noble—social virtue—in a degree which private life cannot call forth ; but above every thing, that enthusiasm of glory, which renders life less valued than honor.—Without intrepidity and humanity—a tem-  
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per easily led to submit to discipline and every privation—and firmness enough to subdue every excess of passion, a man can never become a great officer.

To see every degree of honor, and bravery, you have only to look up to my beloved brother, whose whole life has been spent in toils, and highly approved services; but still, though his counsels and virtues, I trust, will fire your soul to follow his footsteps to glory, yet I cannot silence the wishes of my heart, to give you its best advice; and although a woman, I hope to be able to point out a path to you, which will lead your steps to honor, and your soul to peace. The voice of experience seldom influences

a young

a young mind—ignorant of all those hidden difficulties which arise in the road of life—fired on by hope, the warm imagination of youth expects to find all things meet its wishes, and thus the impetuosity of the votaries of hope deprive themselves of those advantages which they might derive from sorrowing experience. But I am persuaded you will often peruse this packet, and cherish those advices, which are the dictates of honor and affection.—If you never deviate from its principles, you will be crowned with glory—and though not with courtly honours, with that internal peace, which in one aweful day, every one must own is alone worthy our ambition.

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THE first part of your duty, as a man, or a soldier, is Religion—without reverence to the great ruler of the grand system of creation, you cannot have a soul capable of soaring—it is impossible for any thinking being to exist without religion;—the dissipated, wicked man—or philosopher—vain of singularity of opinion, only appear to do so, but every reflecting mind must distinguish a great first cause—and glory in the thought of future existence, which alone sets us above the atom which the morning sun gives life to, and which the evening dew restores to dust.

The

The language of religion is heard in every corner of the globe—it roars in the winds—and re-echoes in the thunders—all space—all visible objects, attest the Glory of the Almighty—all nature cries, I am the work of God.—Reason is sufficient to convince a blind man of this truth, from the many godlike, generous transports which the soul enjoys.

I have always endeavoured to convince you, that all religions are good—they all tend to virtue, and the comforts of their professors.—There is none that is not deficient in some points—and those of each form may say—you have not our errors, but you have others which are fully as

great ;—but surely the established religion of a man's country is always the best. It were to be wished, for the tranquillity of every state, that one faith—one form of worship—was followed by all—the only thing which renders a toleration of every sect dangerous, is the animosity and discord, different opinions give rise to, which has too long stained with blood all Christendom.

I wish you to imbibe no prejudice against any particular sect—nor too rigid ideas in favour of any particular doctrine.—Nothing is so apt to lead a man into situations where he is obliged to act against his conscience, than the being bred up in the early part of life with prejudices which are mistaken for

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rectitude of principles.—For instance, to be taught to think it a crime to play cards—or see plays—balls and concerts on Sunday—makes every Sunday one passes on the continent, where one sees all this in every street, an infringement on conscience, which it is safer to nurse with liberality than bigotry ; every slight infringement weakens the fabrick of all principle, which is always as much founded on imbibed prejudices, as opinion founded on conviction.

Every good subject will, whatever country he chances to be in, conform with that strict decency to the prejudices of the people, and the form of devotion adopted by the state.—Like Sully and Necker, both of them

Protestants

Protestants, they never attempted any innovation in the religion of France.

Without religion we should all become lawless savages—and without an approved form, every caviller would disturb society by trifling differences. Publick worship is so highly beneficial to the good order of society, that every thing which can throw a shade of irreligion, or indecency, is an insult to all good order, and mankind in general.

A conscience void of offence towards God and man, gives the very essence of bravery: it makes a man dauntless meet death!—Nay, midst toils and dangers it even makes him appear glorious!—What

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but religion can enable the slave,—the afflicted—or needy wretch—to weather out the storm of misery?—what call so many brave soldiers to face death for the paltry bribe of a miserable subsistence, (for glory is little known to the illiterate) but faith in eternity, where the all-beneficent God will not respect persons, but reward equally all-ranks of men according to their merits.

But the conscience foiled by crimes, how must it shudder at the approach of death!—Whatever men may attempt to appear, not only in the field but in the closet, such hearts will be cowards.

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We have seen the power of party, turn and twist the forms of religion, just as it agreed with the interests or political arrangements of the rulers of the land; but the New Testament, and reason, will point out those innovations, and every honest heart adopt its pure morality, and benevolent doctrine.

In England the pope, and his form of worship was renounced because inconsistent with liberty and the happy constitution we now enjoy. But was tyranny ever again to usurp the bloody sceptre in our land; Popery—the Mahometan—or some such religion, must necessarily be adopted, to enslave the free-born minds of mankind; confession  
puts

puts the opinions, and conduct of every one, in the power of the priests, who are mere spies of the police; and the purchasing pardons—indulgencies—and masses—keeps the people poor, and humble. It is the interest of the church of Rome, to make a multiplicity of crimes, as it fills its Treasury, and makes her more despotic—the priests do not study to correct the principles, but only give an indulgence for the errors arising from a want of proper ones—Like those physicians who in curing one disease, give the seeds of another to encrease their fees.

This system, however—is absolutely necessary to the regulating a despotic

despotic government, and subduing its subjects by oppression, but whatever opinions may influence the minds of men, or motives dictate their variety of forms, it is to be remembered with horror—with contempt—and pity.—The barbarity—murders—and ferocity—which has disgraced Christianity—and the animosity which yet exists between sects; who all worship one God—one Saviour—one Divine Influence!

Heaven forbid, that the British arms should again be degraded, by being called forth in so illiberal a cause—one thing I am persuaded of, that the most intollerant must be the least acceptable to a God of mercy! or even to minds endowed with humanity.

Till

"Till you find a religion which has no honest men amongst its professors, never pronounce it a bad one: and till you find those of your own church incapable of violating the pure principles it professes, never pronounce it the best. The principles imbibed in youth ought to be sacred—and those of every people respected; since we find the number of good men pretty equal in all nations.

You was in your childhood much charmed wtih the splendour of the church of Rome;—it was very natural! it is calculated to raise enthusiasm in young or—ignorant minds: it speaks to the senses, and pourtrays the riches and power of the Divinity.

I am of opinion, that too much dignity and splendor cannot be given to the worship of the Almighty:—it awakens awe and reverence in the ignorant and unthinking, by charming the eye. It has little effect on a pious mind—which equally does homage to the Creator in every place that bears the title of the house of God, let a person of such a mind belong to whatever sect; there he will be equally decent and devout. If all be equally sincere, it is sure that all will be equally welcome to God, who has made nothing in vain. It would be derogatory to the adoration we owe the Almighty—to the exalted ideas we must have of his mercy—to suppose he created either Protestant, Catholick, or Pagan, to

be eternally miserable for having worshipped him in sincerity, according to their judgment, in the best manner.— There is blasphemy in that thought which I shudder at. He who worships the Divinity in Christ in Alla, or the sun, with truth, need not fear should a cannon-ball hurry him into the awful presence of his Creator.

I hope you will study nature, and your own reason on this, as well as every subject, and act from fixed principles; but let your private opinion—be what it may—the strictest decorum is necessary in Religious Duties in all society;—but, in the Army—more than in any other. Let men whose enlightened education enables them to soar, and investi-

investigate every philosophic research, chuse for themselves; but the unlettered multitude must believe, and act up to the faith they are bred in, else they will become licentious, vicious, or traitors;—besides, to shake their faith, and rob them of the sweet hopes which the Christian Religion offers—were to be barbarous aggravators of their woes.

The late King of Prussia, whom it is the fashion to call Great, because he was Successful, must appear to you—if you investigate his character—a mere Quack. All religion—all moral rectitude—he renounced for Simulation, and those arts, which by his temper, he was master of: impiety he wished to be general

among his subjects ; perhaps from a fear they might despise him, were they men of principle ; for vanity and despotism were his ruling passions ; — his dirtiness, and humble dress—his condescension—all was the excels of pride ! he owed his successes to the taking every advantage of the follies and situation of his neighbours ; his army appeared brilliant in the eyes of Europe ; but severity of discipline, and foolhardy-bravery, in Frederick, made them what they seemed :—his soldiers would rather meet a Glorious Death in the Field, than an Ignominious one from their austere King, who gave them the severest treatment, for the slightest infringement of his orders. But, though he had no religion himself,  
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and treated all ideas of the sort as pernicious to a soldier, and said, that to be a hero a man should not stickle at crimes—nor a soldier at rapine and pillage—all of which Christianity is averse to—yet he allowed perfect liberty of conscience to all. But in spite of his strange opinions, an impious man is never a brave soldier; amidst toils and dangers, the hope of after-peace stills every fear, and takes the bitterest pang from the last adieu of an expiring friend, entering on eternal rest, which the next bullet may send his companion to partake with him.

It is that virtue and rectitude of conduct which every religion dictates

tates—which is praise-worthy in the Christian or the Pagan—not the cant, or most rigid doctrines of fictitious piety and devotion, poured forth in churches by graceless varlets, who divested of any degree of faith, denounce damnation around them, to terrify their audience, and to make them believe that they are incapable of committing those crimes which before they hardly take time to breathe, they hurry to commit—like the Cardinal de Creme, who was sent from Rome to oppose, in England, the license given to the clergy to marry;—he preached and thundered vengeance in every church, against those men who should indulge in such passions, and go, soiled by impurity, to administer the sacraments.

sacraments.—One night, after such a pious exhortation, he was surprised by the officers of justice who went to take up people who kept a disorderly house, where they found the pure Cardinal de Creme.

The Protestant clergy, were they willing, are not permitted by the laws of the land to give into such depravity as disgraced the church in the days of Popery—when the luxury, avarice, and debauchery of the priest not only corrupted the people, but drove men who were from principle attached to the worship of the church of Rome, to change the forms of their religion, as the only possible me-

thod of throwing off the yoke of sin and tyranny, which the priests, from their unlimitted power, indulged in without restraint.

But, under our government, Protestants are not in general so pious, and correct in their manners, as the Papists, which proves that it is restraining, and well regulating the usurped power of the priests of the Church of Rome, which is the cause of such good order—in England, they would be ashamed to give cause for scandal; but in Roman Catholic countries, where they are supreme, they are far more corrupted, and licentious than the most profligate of the people, which abuse arises from the spiritual doctors, being also

also often the governors in the temporal laws—their depravity has been one of the chief sources of the revolutions of France, and has awakened a general discontent in the people of all Roman Catholick countries, together with their being the most active in sinking the people in ignorance. When I speak of the clergy, I mean the *higher* ranks of the priesthood, who are thus almost every where distinguished by infidelity, and debauchery; their vow of chastity, like all others, they make a parade of breaking—and even the Pope's Nuncios, in several countries I have seen, publicly living with a wanton—it is even no uncommon sight, I am told, to see the priest engaged in the grossest

scenes of indecency, in the very churches where they go to say mass.

The lower order of the clergy, who are priests from principle, and who for seven pounds a year do all the duty of a parish, exposed night and day—carrying the host to the sick—and burying the dead—those men, are generally men of sincerity, decency, and true piety; and from their extreme poverty—as well as principle—must repine at the profligacy of the clergy—and they certainly will form a very formidable body in the general reform which seems likely to take place—as they to possess the confidence and esteem of the people—and shew themselves disinterested servants

servants of God. Few of the high clergy ever do the duties of the church, except to gain sums affixed to certain masses; and to give the people, from their hypocritical appearance, confidence in them—and as the ignorant Papists believe that they are vested by God with power to pardon all sins, they not only think little of their irregularities, but are led to commit the same crimes which they suppose to be venial.

Were there only two or three pious men in a kingdom, I am persuaded their example would do more good to the morals of the people, than having ten churches in every parish filled by such graceless

**G 2**                      Pastors :

pastors: How shameful to kneel with penitential reverence to such sepulchres of sin! ten times more depraved often than those whom they absolve, by daring to attribute to themselves the Divine Powers of God.—Must not the upright heart of a Pagan be more pleasing to the purity of the Almighty than such wicked ones, who disgrace Christianity? Fear God, my son, first, and, next to him, fear the wretch who fears him not.

THE

TO make a figure in the lists of glory and manly virtues, my dear W——ce, you must be able to conquer the seducing powers of passion, and subdue every violent propensity for women—gaming—and wine. They, like every other tyrannical foe, if you do not conquer them, will enslave you.—So sensible was Ulysses of this truth, that he made himself be bound hand and foot to his ship, to prevent the possibility of yielding to temptation; and stopped his ears lest the Syrens should seduce him ;—this proved more Virtue than Fortitude; but I trust  
you

you will have enough of firmness, never to allow yourself to be seduced to the excesses of those Vices which ruin so many men of great abilities, who might have been heroes, had they early learnt to restrain their passions, which gain strength from every indulgence.

That fever of the senses which mankind so often falsely call Love—is the first thing I shall mention, as the most seducing—the most deceitful—and the Vice which enervates most the mind and body.

You are now free from every vice, and undisturbed by any violent propensity—Chuse then your objects—You may turn your mind and

and Passions to what you will—and make the senses totally subservient to you—But if once indulged in excesses, you'll no longer be able to silence its voice.

Habit is the regulator of nature, this is evident from the brute creation—Yet some people pretend to excuse their depravity on the score of the violence of their passions—but every young person has, if unimpaired in health, the same natural propensities.

Inclination is either restrained by abstinence, and a mind occupied more nobly; or it is nursed to impetuosity by an inflamed imagination; and those seductions which speak to the senses

senles—and, like the phrenzy of a fever, exhausts nature: and every faculty and exertion which does honor to the soul.

I do not mean you to make a vow which neither nature, nor prejudice, demands of you—Only remember, that the spider extracts poison from the same rose which gives sweets to the bee.

True wisdom and happiness consists in giving into no indulgence which can injure your health—obscure your reason—or make you renounce more noble pursuits.—If you can turn your mind to glory in arms, you will soon find every thing which can stop you in the career

lose its charms; but should you once become devoted to that enervating voluptuousness which sinks the mind in inactivity, you will be irretrievably lost to every vigorous exertion of soul—you will become dead to emulation.

It requires great firmness for a young man to resist the many baits ever thrown in the way to seduce to pleasure—but if you are not resolute you never can be a good soldier, or a great man.—The indulgence of the senses in scenes of riot and profligacy, is a degree of corruption unknown to brutes; thought of by profligate men, to gratify their corrupted imaginations, which exist even after the senses are sated. Some

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young men give into those scenes from good-nature, to please their company; but the first principle a man ought to adopt, is never to deviate from his own ideas of rectitude to please any one.

Look into ancient, as well as modern history, you'll find no man ever was truly intrepid, and great, that was the slave of his senses;—many we have seen, endowed with every brilliant quality, and placed by fortune in the fairest field for glory—yet by sinking into enervating vices, we find them, amidst the expectations which their abilities—and high situations—awakened in mankind, only become the objects of contempt—and regret at the hero being thus lost in the libertine.

So long as the Athenians remained free from excess in gallantry, so long they flourished.—The glory—the riches—and power—of every state you'll find has ever been in proportion to the purity of its manners.

A mind that is unsubdued by bodily appetites, is attuned to every degree of glory and success; and nothing is so easy as to restrain them if you once usurp the command. Thus the fiery, untamed courser, who bounds and frets, if led by an unskilful rider, will obey the most gentle check of his master.

But however destructive to the health of the body—sure to suffer from such profligacy—it causes a  
lady

lady far more fatal—the debility of the soul—which too great a propensity to sensual gratification renders almost incurable.

There is another species of profligacy, more hurtful to the morals, which very frequently totally occupies those heroick captains, who never wish to see any other service—I mean that of sentimental gallantry, which is a more decent species of debauchery, and of all others the most dangerous for a man of inexperience and feeling—as it often renders him the dupe of artful, corrupted females, who play off their promiscuous gallants against each other, by inflaming their vanity, and preying upon their purse.

Thus

Thus passes the hey-day of youth—every noble sentiment of emulation is sacrificed to alternate humiliation—jealousies—and enjoyment—which leave, when those fleeting moments are past, no feeling but those of remorse!—how dreadful to find the soul unstrung—health faded—and every faculty of the mind impaired!

The libertine promises himself a life of pleasure.—A continued circle of joyous hours past in unthinking voluptuousness.—Enjoyment promises to afford renewed bliss—the fire of fevered fancy gives a spur to desire, and in those unthinking moments remorse and disappointment never occur—but so soon as reason reassumes her seat, all is sadness!

The

The enthuiaſtſick guest—called imagination—which gives a fictious force to every thing, if directed to glory and valour, will ſoon make you look upon every abſtinenſe—every toil and privation—as pleaſing ſacrifices to the idol worshiped: but once loſt in the foſt liſtlenesſ of indulged paſſion, the ſoul becomes lethargic;—in vain a man wiſhes to regain activity of mind: alas! debauchery of every kind extinguiſhes every thing noble and ſublime, and the ſoul, like the body, becomes diſeaſed and unſit for glory or ambition.

I have ever ſtudied to enure you to hardship, not by unkindneſs—for from the earliest dawn of your understand-

understanding I have made you the confident of all my thoughts ; I have past all my time in studying to give vigour to your mind and body ;—I exposed you to all weathers, and I most rigidly abstained from every amusement or indulgence, to render you fit to have followed Alexander over the world—Hannibal to the walls of Rome ;—or the British army with more glory to the walls of Seringapatam, to the reduction of the tyranny of the Sultan.

By every privation of dress—amusements — and attendants, I endeavoured to convince you of the advantages of being enured to moderation.

If

If you ever guard your passions from being heated by fancy and luxuriant excitements; — you need not fear that their excesses will either injure your health or tarnish your glory; and in emulation—valour—and intellectual pursuits — you will find a pride, and after-comfort, never to be known by the sensual man.

Success in all our pursuits we cannot command; yet, a certain degree of happiness every person may, in defiance of fate, enjoy, in self-approbation; it is true we may be the sport of fortune!—but, loaded with its most abject indignities, it cannot make the great man wretched or contemptible.

Bellifarius

Bellisarius begging, was more noble than the most powerful villain that ever tyrannized over a nation.

Every thing in nature seems created for toil, change, and destruction ; desolation and death is the goal of all creation !—to man alone the Hope is given, to live beyond the Grave, where his conscience must make his bliss or torment !—the greatest and best of mankind we often find suffer the most in this world of woe !— every amiable feeling gives a thousand pangs for one sensation of joy What anxieties prey upon our sensibility for objects worthy our benevolence, in every sorrow or misfortune of those we love ;—our bosom is torn, and our fondest—fairest wishes

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are almost for ever disappointed!—we have no good which we can call our own, save Immortal Fame, which our own good conduct can alone secure.

How momentary Life seems to the most aged;—how few, if any, of its pleasures that do not leave something in reflection:—how mournful is the retrospect of past joys—lost friends—or confidence misplaced.—Even our griefs seem less painful than our pleasures on reflection—we at least feel some satisfaction in thinking that they are past.

What then is worth the toils of life, were it not for hopes of Eternal Existence?—Infancy passes helpless

less and unnoticed—and then comes manhood, the conflict of passions—feeling—and disappointment. Finally, before we are aware, old age and infirmity teaches us the fleeting nothingness of that life, to which in childhood we looked up as wondrous long ! How mortifying a state, if unaccompanied with self-approbation, or distinguished by virtue.—Pains of body, and anxiety of mind beset us from every quarter, and hurry our forms so cherished and vaunted to furnish materials for unceasing creation.

What signifies then the continuance of what at best, on retrospect, seems a momentary existence, except from the desire of gaining

Glory?—What is fortune—power—or enjoyments which only survive in reproach. Epictetus in slavery—Socrates in prison—and Cato seeking death to rob his enemies of triumph, are objects far more enviable than the man crowned with empire and surrounded by slaves, and whose peace is corroded by a sense of Guilt:—amid sickness and contempt his soul sinks friendless to a World dreaded and unknown. Death seems in every step—in every tolling bell, like a criminal, he thinks he hears his summons.—He lives lost to friends—none seeks to soothe his griefs—he remains an object of horror amidst unthinking fools like himself;—yet indulging in jollity and dissipation—

laying

laying up a store of regrets in those scenes which has filled his soul with Remorse, and his body with Disease. On that bed — once that of guilty transport, or undisturbed repose—he trembling yields a soul which never lived to Virtue or to Glory!—What but a guilty conscience could tempt one thus wretched to wish to live?

How much more to be envied he, who in the morning of his life—replete with every virtue—meets death in quest of Glory—to live to unfading renown!

My sentiments of gallantries with Married Women you already have had in a letter, published with a poem, called the Ghost of Werter.

I need

I need not talk to you of Love—  
 a passion which cannot be indulged but  
 for a feeling woman of honor—and,  
 as your fortunes prevent you from  
 entering into the married state with  
 any degree of prudence, I trust your  
 honor will ever shield your bosom  
 against feelings, which not only will  
 enslave your mind, but degrade your  
 heart to the most cruel perfidy—  
 Should you attempt to become by  
 seduction possessed of such an object

\* “ Ah, how cruel ! to spoil a lovely maid  
 “ Of purity—of peace—of spotless fame,  
 “ Pluck from sweet innocence the blushing rose,  
 “ And leave the rankling thorn of shame behind !  
 “ Perish the villain who for titles—wealth  
 “ Or haughty pride,—would stoop to triumph o'er  
 “ The unsuspecting—uncorrupted heart  
 “ Of helpless woman ! And use her feeling  
 “ Tenderness as arms against her honour.  
 “ Oh curse the ambition which depraves the heart  
 “ E'er to cause a pang to injur'd virtue ?  
 \* Lines in a manuscript tragedy, written by the  
 Authoress.

A man who possesses either a good heart, or a great soul, can never taste of happiness, if purchased by making an innocent bosom the seat of sorrow and regret—a bosom uncontaminated by vice—which from unsuspecting candour and confidence in a deceiver, is rendered the victim of depravity.

Choose Mistresses you neither sentimentally love—nor, from any reason fear; and seek in the society of amiable Women, social comfort and amusement. You will find women, whose minds are free from coquetry, and profligacy—the most generous friends, and most disinterested advisers;—where esteem and confidence interest there is more real comfort than

than in any other intercourse in life. The desire of pleasing—the delicacy necessary in men's conduct to such women, refines their manners and ideas;—they speak to the heart, and are a more pleasing relaxation to a mind fatigued with either the toils of war or business, than either the gravity of wise men—or the rude riot which attends the parties of the more dissipated.

The depravity of manners with which, from excess in gallantry, all Europe now seems overwhelmed, renders all friendship unfashionable.—A man seldom seeks the society of a woman but to ruin her honor—in appearance or reality;—and any sort of intercourse between

the sexes is always suspected;—consequently the innocent appear often worse than the guilty. Every action of the woman of gallantry is studied to deceive and delude her numerous gallants—whilst the woman content in the approbation of her own mind, indulges an open sincerity, often mistaken for the boldness of a woman of multiplied vices.

Your own delicacy of feeling I am persuaded will ever make you look upon women, either as objects of esteem and friendship, or unworthy of the sacrifice of your time and attention. Even though they despicably should direct the tide of fashionable follies; or the favour of those in power; however much you may

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appear unfashionable, never bestow tention on any man degraded by being the dupe of an object of general contempt—there is not a more humbling picture can be offered to humanity than a depraved wanton, publickly ministering to the vices and destruction of her dupes—trampling, in bold superiority, over every female of honor and respectability. What a pity that the chance of Fate should often give the title of *great* to profligates, who, by their weakness of conduct are esteemed the *least of the people!*

All those who are distinguished in History for either private virtues, or heroick valour, have ever been famed for the purity of their manners—

ancient

ancient History abounds with innumerable instances of this truth—in modern times we find Charlemagne, Charles the Twelfth, Cromwell, queens Elizabeth, Margaret of Anjou, Maria Theresa of Hungary, Turenne, Marlborough, Wolfe, Chatham, Heathfield ;—and, happily there yet live characters equally great, and adorned with the most brilliant abilities—the most exalted greatness of mind—and tho' surrounded with all those temptations which youth and situation can afford—yet totally free from vice and every excess of the passions.

THE vice which like a torrent sweeps away every other idea, or feeling than those which it awakens, is Gaming—there is no vice into which a man may so imperceptibly be led—none which involves him in such low worthless company—it is true some unexperienced men of honor are found in gambling societies; but the consequence is, that they either are rendered dupes, or become cheats—too many adopt the examples of the wretches who surround them, and forfeit their integrity.—Step, by step—the most sensible person may be

be led on, from a hope that a momentary good luck may enable them to regain their accidental losses ; and thus, like every other passion, that of play assumes by degrees a tyrannical power over the mind of its votaries.

How many unthinking unfortunates have been led to ruin their families; and in a moment have been hurled from situations in which but for this vice, they might have been comfortable—men who in their first admitting this destructive passion, would have shuddered at the thoughts of defrauding a tradesman, or of winning a ruinous sum of money.

Play

Play is destructive of all application or feeling—all is avarice or rage—no man of honor has any chance of winning on the long-run at play—he will not stoop to take unfair advantages; yet nine out of ten gamblers watch and greedily profit of the moment, heated by wine, or impetuosity. How degrading the thought, that one has ruined a friend, or been ruined by one!

There is no character so much despised as that of a winning gamester, except that of a losing one—we often see people of generosity and good temper rendered ferocious as wolves, by the tempest and irritation of mind it occasions, in men who have no passion for money.

In

In the army it is a most unpardonable vice; because it totally absorbs every faculty of the mind, and renders an officer negligent of his duty—occupies those hours which ought to be devoted to literary researches, which alone can free the mind from ignorance, false prejudices, and a propensity to indulge the senses.

A soldier should value his time above every thing—if he does not seize every hour he can spare, from the duties of his profession, to study the theory of it, he will never make a figure—it will take much time and great quickness of apprehension to become master of tactics.

There is much more required to make a good officer than bravery, a man may be the first and boldest in every hardy enterprize, and yet know little of his profession—such men are more dangerous than men of less courage, to be vested with command; they often from ignorance, expose the troops and the honor of their country, by actions which have no other military merit, than that they are daring.

THE

THE next vice degrading to mankind, is that of drinking. It is far more dangerous and unpardonable in a soldier than in any other man, because it is a vice which if once adopted cannot be refrained from—and in the hour of danger, drunkards are most apt to fly to the bottle.—It renders a soldier not only unfit for his duty, but liable to involve in ruin a whole army.—Remember ever, that all the boasted faculties of our souls in this mortal state, totally depends upon the health of the body.—A man's nerves must be very much irritated after a

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debauch, and unfit to exert that vigor of mind and body which is requisite in a good officer—who should study every order and manœuvre, that he may one day be able to lead on to conquer.

Presence of mind and the utmost coolness of observation is absolutely necessary for one who commands.—If the officers indulge in drunkenness the soldiers will either be seduced by their example or despise them for their depravity.

History shews that many improbable conquests have been brought about by the enemy availing themselves of this failing.—Frederick the First, elector of Brandenburg gained a most

a most unexpected victory over the Swedes at Rathnaw, by taking advantage of their inebriety.

What a humiliating thing, thus to have been conquered!—This vice tarnished all Alexander's glory.—When drunk, he committed cruelties and follies which caused him, in his sober moments, most exquisite shame and sorrow.—It is the only vice which makes a man totally defenceless, and although it less vitiates the principles than any other, yet no man who indulges it to excess, was ever great and respectable,

The Lacedemonians, to give their young men a hearty disgust for so abject a slate, made their slaves be

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brought drunk before them, that they might shun becoming objects of such brutality.

The most amiable trait in Charles the Twelfth's character, was a resolution he took, in consequence of having, in a state of inebriety, said something to his mother so offensive, that she shut herself up in her room.—He went to her next day, called for a glass of wine, asked pardon, said he had brought that wine to drink to her health, as he was resolved it should be the last he would drink in his life—which resolution he kept most sacred, even amidst toils and fatigue.—Such firmness was sufficient to convince mankind, what a great man he was, even

even had he not signalized himself otherwise.

It is by conquering evil Propensities that a man is rendered truly a Hero.—It is no merit in any one to abstain from what they do not like: the subduing impetuous passions is true virtue.

Like Henry the Fifth—the boast and pride of England—a prince graceful and manly in his person—impetuous in his feelings—endowed with the most insinuating condescension of manners—he was often led, unmindful of his greatness, to become the dupe of artful profligates, who imposed upon his liberality, and artfully enslaved his passions by seducing his youth to pleasure.

He became early the object of his father's jealousy—who feared least he might gain too much influence over a people who adored him—and being removed from every share in the government or occupation fitting for him, his active spirit was easily tempted to fly to dissipation.

But when called upon to ascend the throne of England, to reign over a free people, who own no other chains than those which their choice and affections link—a people who acknowledge no superiority, save in Virtue!—then he assumed his true character—threw away those despicable toys which had enlivened his hours of langour—and by giving all his soul to virtue and to glory, he marked

marked how much he despised the despicable ministers of his former vices;—every thing which could degrade, or awaken in the memory of the king the loves or resentments of the prince, seemed lost in oblivion.—He chose ministers who were distinguished by honor and the approbation of the people, and was directed in his choice by no personal pique or flattery, but by their abilities. Every private feeling of his own he restrained, and shewed himself so much above the common passions of the multitude that he truly may be called a Hero.

Such another prodigy will one day again delight the eyes of Europe;—a prince not less replete with the  
most

most graceful charms of person and manners, than with the candor—spirit—and liberality of Henry;—with every added charm which our more polished age can give:—his heart warm—generous—and benevolent;—too noble to suspect, or by arts evade his enemies;—or shew aversion for bad men otherwise than being himself honorable—submitting to the most injurious flanders, to rescue from degradation those he protects—he will emerge, in all that splendor which attends the noon-day sun, after having dispelled the clouds exhaled from foul vapors beneath him.

Not such the conduct of Louis the Fourteenth, or Charles the Second;—both men of uncommon abi-

lities, which they degraded by every weak profligate excess.—We find them the dupes of the most depraved, uneducated females—raised to the highest rank, and directing every movement of the state;—they made ministers of the despicable creatures who were subservient to their vices—and bestowed titles on the produce of the promiscuous gallantries of their mistresses;—those honors which should be bestowed as the reward of virtue and valor, not as bribes to corrupt.

How shameful to see men born  
to Eternal Renown leave behind  
them only the regrets of posterity,  
that such brilliant qualities were over-  
run by vices—to see them, from the

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most abject caprices for objects every way unworthy of such sacrifices, sink in slothful imbecility—the inglorious slaves of artful women, who from ambition “ fool them to their “ pitch.” Even the great Henry the Fourth’s love for Madame de Guick made him lose all the advantages which he had gained at Contras—and had he not been lucky in having a Sully for counsellor, he had not gathered the laurels he did, which had he been less profligate, he might have planted gloriously all over Europe.

Once he was even weak enough to think of giving a promise of marriage to an artful female, who wished to extract a written promise from him before

before she granted him those favours which she had bestowed on others for nothing ; he brought the paper to shew it to Sully, whose only answer to the weak inglorious Henry, was to tear it—the king told him he was a fool.—I wish, Sir, said Sully, I was the only one—which answer led Henry to reflect, and saved him from ruin.

Want of that firmness which makes men act up to the particular duties of their situations causes the most striking revolutions—the bigotry of Edward the Confessor, who in place of attending to the government of his people became a slave to religious fears—first led William the Conqueror to think of invading England. The

excesses of Henry the Eighth brought about a total change of religion ; and the gross excesses of the clergy in the Church of Rome now threatens a like change speedily all over Europe ;— how happy for England that revolution which renders it now impossible for weak corrupted men ever to abuse thus their power. What honor to our nation—when neighbouring kingdoms are ruled by such profligacy, and dishonor, that our government can never be corrupted by vicious complaisants—or the people harassed by the caprices of artful kept mistresses—Happy the people at liberty to choose! Happy that country where the most brilliant abilities—the most uncorruptable probity, and purity of manners, alone dares assume

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the reins of government ; secure in  
the love, approbation, and choice of  
a free people, to insure the perma-  
nent possession of them.

THAT

THAT knowledge and moral rectitude which is inseparable from a great soul, is not more necessary to your advancement in life, than that you should possess amiability of *manners*. Unless an officer is loved and esteemed by *all*, he never can be followed with confidence by any. *Manners* not only comprehend the graces—delicacies—and decouums of the more refined part of mankind; but in a more particular manner, the restraints and reserves, so absolutely necessary in society.

The first impression is made by address and politeness—an air of ease, and attention, to every one, bespeaks not only a good heart, but a good education ; yet, as this appearance is easily acquired by the most unworthy—if only specious, it will soon render the deceiver who makes it a cloak to treachery, more odious because more dangerous to society.

There is nothing which engages so much the good will of every company, as a strict attention to those little civilities which the moment dictates—by bestowing attention to what others say, rather than to speak yourself.—People in general will give you a greater reputation

tion for sense, by thus seeming to approve their judgement, than if you talked like a Cicero—besides nothing improves a young man so much as hearing, observing the varied passions, and opinions which dictate to others, is the best method to obtain a clear judgement—to adopt a cool reserve of character—and enable you to command your temper—which is far preferable to the most brilliant wit or eloquence.

Where one wishes to please, he should never, if it can be avoided, be the hero of his own tale.—It requires to be very sure that the hearers take the most friendly interest in you before you talk freely  
to

to them of what concerns yourself—if you deplore misfortunes, the more happy will often only look down on you, as if they were faults, and should you boast your success, it will awaken that scorpion envy, ever anxious to lessen and repine at the comforts of others.

To seem only to take an interest in what concerns those around you will secure that love which too many people wantonly sacrifice for vanity and admiration.

Above all things guard against marking contempt, for the follies of others save by the wisdom of your own conduct.—A man will easily pardon your hatred, but never will

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your contempt—of all fool-hardiness, the most dangerous is that of braving an enemy of this sort.—Omit no occasion which offers to praise, or bestow *merited* approbation, where you wish to please; for the fawning of a dog even is pleasing.

Though it were inconsistent with a great mind to stoop to flattery, yet it is a duty incumbent on every member of society, to make others feel as happy as possible.

It proves a little soul to traduce the absent, but it is still less generous to render the feelings of those who are present uncomfortable, by that ridicule, in which a facility of sarcasm, and a malevolent disposition, enables

bles men of very little wit to shine—there can be no degree of corruption greater than to enjoy the wounded peace of the unfortunate ; or to heap into the bitter cup of perfidy, falsehood and malice ever ready to traduce that virtue which suspects no evil.

We see every day the most blighting calumny vented to stab innocent reputations, and such perfidy cloaked under the mock parade of probity ; but those reserves which I wish you to adopt are the genuine produce of benevolence, and a desire to please by making others happy !

If you meet the detestable character of a farcastic wit in company, do not be offended at his vulgar,

or malignant jokes—attribute all the fault to the folly of the jester—and remember, that he who cannot take a joke, with good humour, is equally ridiculous with the uncourteous jester; many foolish, and indeed many wise men, have inconsiderately got into unfortunate scrapes from this; which has involved in regret their whole lives, and lost them their best friends.—

Crillon, when garrisoned in a town which was besieged, being supposed so brave that no situation could alarm him, some foolish young officers resolved to try him to the utmost—they rushed into the room, where he was asleep, and told him, the enemy, with a force not to be resisted,

refisted, were ready to storm the town. Crillon rose coolly, and armed himself, saying he was resolved to die, but never to yield; the young men directly told him that it was a frolic, at which all Crillon's coolness, (which he never professed but in danger) forsook him, and he swore at them, saying had they found him weak he would certainly have killed them. The most trivial sarcasms often cause a coolness between the best friends, and more often retort with double violence on the jester.

Maria Theresa intending to be witty at the expence of her favourite minister, who was remarkably corpulent, asked when he intended to lie in—he answered, not till I can find a *sage femme*.

Lewis the Sixteenth, it is said, one day meeting that prince so renowned for his profligacy, and to whose crimes cowardice alone has been able to set a bound, asked him, what made him go so often to England. This wretch, who glories in having, without one feeling of patriotism, raised up every murderer's hand against his monarch, replied to the king—I go to England, Sir, *paur apprendre a panser—Des chevaux*, replied the king, with that look of contempt which marks every honest countenance, when speaking to him. A Lady gave him a more severe hit one day—he was protesting that he did not believe there was such a thing as a virgin, even at the age of fifteen.—The Lady replied, Oh, yes, Sir, I  
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can shew you one near sixty years of age, as yet *immaculate*—pointing to his sword.

Another thing still more offensive is the disputing about matters of fact—or opinion. Whenever you find any one assert obstinately what you think wrong—satisfied with being in the right—do not attempt what is generally in vain—to convince a fool. They are almost always positive—nor to prove your superiority even over a man of sense, do not err against good-manners by cavilling.

In all companies whatever be reserved, yet good-humoured.—Suspect no man to be a rogue, yet act with every man with whom you are not  
very

very well acquainted with as much caution as if he were one. An honest heart is too little apt to suppose another capable of that want of probity which it can never be divested of. Yet such is the artful depravity of the unworthy, that to secure the unsuspicuous uncorrupted man from becoming the dupe of knavery, it is necessary to suppress that generous confidence which has its source in internal rectitude.

The more liberal the feelings the more necessary is cold prudence, the shield of virtue, to screen you from the treacherous.—A certain degree of reserve with common acquaintances is a proof of good sense, which even fools respect, but this reserve does not

prevent gaiety.—On the contrary in never interfering in the private affairs of any one, you'll avoid much chagrin, unbounded familiarity, should only be indulged between friends ;—and a friend is a Phœnix rarely to be met. Those men who are the most ready to make offers of their friendship are the most to be doubted—men who wish to fly from the tiresome creature self—are apt to make a very large circle—he only seeks to amuse himself—but the man of worth and feeling, must be sought and won by merit.

Nothing is so dangerous to young people as those friendly counsellors who are every day to be met with. Few of them have disinterested well-

informed minds—capable of giving good advice—but one advantage a prudent man may derive from hearing their advice and opinions—he may distinguish the various passions, interests, and foibles, which arise in the human breast—and although good advice is seldom to be met—yet it is very necessary to direct the inexperienced—and should be highly valued where you can meet it.—But a man should always have a principle of action which honor dictates in every circumstance. Those who act purely from the advice of another, rarely escape after-regret.

Above all mistrust the man who is capable of indiscretion in other people's affairs—him who is base enough  
to

to betray a confidence—a person capable of perfidy to one, will if so inclined be so to all.

How noble was the conduct of Fabricious, when Pyrrhus's doctor came and offered to poison him if he would reward him—in place of stooping to this perfidy to triumph, Fabricious sent the traitor to Pyrrhus assuring him that the Romans only knew how to conquer by valor.

As Youth, without counsel or experience, would be obliged to grope in the dark, it is necessary to form your own opinions and principles on that of others; and the wisest counsellors any one can have is good books; they not only pleasingly oc-

cupy your leisure hours, but they enrich the mind with the memory of every thing grand and great in existence ; they fire the soul to honor and emulation—they render all dissipations trivial—they soothe and suspend those sorrows which humanity is never exempt from, and amidst the satiety of prosperity they chase away *tedium*, the lethargy of the soul.

It is true, there are many profligate productions, fit only to despoil the heart, and add fuel to the senses; but such books, like infamous, low company, must revolt every mind that is not totally depraved.

By

By the writings of great men, the records of heroic actions, you will find your understanding enlightened; they will form your taste for eloquence and virtue—a man of knowledge and veracity is a superior being in society—Truth is the chief fortress of a great soul—any man who wants it is sunk beneath even contempt!—How pleasing it is to possess the confidence of every one, that they can build upon your word as sacred!—A prudent man never gives a promise if to be avoided; as if once given, at whatever price, it ought to be fulfilled; therefore it either renders him a slave, or a rascal.

Avoid

Avoid mean flattery—it is a base sort of falsehood, which an honest mind cannot stoop to;—yet as nothing can gratify a good heart so much as making others happy—to humour the foibles of those you live with, is not only politeness, but benevolence.—Above all, where you cannot praise, be silent—most of the miseries which afflict us in this life have their source in envious malevolent traducers.

The best reason I can give for your wishing to make every creature your friend, is, that although it alone does one honor to be esteemed by good men—yet it is far more dangerous to make a bad man your enemy. You are sure a man of honor

honor will be deterred by his probity from base revenge. But a bad man will not fail to adopt every art to injure, which perhaps all your prudence will not be able to render abortive—an honest man never stoops to villify even the contemptable, or thinks of revenging the misconduct of fools.

Many silly young men think that to be up in arms at every shadow of offence, is a proof of bravery; but believe me such men will be most apt to tremble at the sight of a cannon; a man must have little hopes of signalizing himself, nobly—who seeks to give such proofs of his courage.

A man really brave always avoids duelling—he never is the aggressor—and very few will be so hardy as to insult him—if he is so unlucky, he will study to shun what must render him an object of observation and doubt; and lead him to expose arms devoted to his country in licentious brawls.

Turenne very wisely sent a duelist out of his army—he said “that fellow, tho’ he would not scruple to cut the throats of all his friends, “I have often seen tremble before the enemies of his country.”—It is always the proof of a great mind to wish to shun such combats, which are no proof of courage, but a fermentation—a fever of the blood

from rage, which brutally—assassin-like, gives a vengeful thirst for blood; bravery in a soldier exists from sentiments not momentary, but the cool result of a glorious, generous zeal, for the service of his country.

To pardon often shews more high-minded honor than vengeance would—Prince Menzecoff, the war-minister of Peter the Great, was very negligent, and permitted many very cruel abuses in the army—an officer, who felt for the honor of his sovereign, as well as the grievances they endured, complained to Peter himself, who reprimanded severely Menzecoff, who in place of using the power he had to crush his accuser, sent for him, and told him

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he must have a great mind, to have braved his resentment to do what he thought right, and for the interest of the Czar;—he therefore asked his friendship and counsel, and even distinguished him by every sort of reward, and respect.

How much more noble this conduct of Menzecoff than if he had sought reparation in a duel, and added murder to those faults which caused the accusation.—Revenge is not only the meanest passion of the foul, but has ever been productive of the greatest conflicts in states.—Revenge for the rape of Lucretia, caused the overthrow of the Monarchy of Rome, which gave place to the Republick.

A similar vengeance caused the banishment of the decemvirs when consuls and tribunes were elected—and we find the revenge of the duke of O—— has armed the hands of those assassins, who were upheld against the royal family of France—and has involved a nation in anarchy, but for him had long since been a respectable, free government.

HOWEVER necessary it is to gain the approbation of your companions, your possessing amiability of manners; yet your conduct, as a soldier, is of far more consequence.

To be intituled to indulge a hope of one day commanding with success it is not sufficient to have a reputation for rectitude of moral conduct, you must also be justly esteemed master of your profession, and totally devoted to it.—Many young officers try to evade a strict application to discipline; and those little

little attentions which too often appear to them of little consequence, and troublesome;—but never forget that from Trifles spring all the great events in life; and that it is the attending to the little minutiae belonging to the soldiers, and the service, which bespeaks an able officer, and forms well disciplined troops.

In every step, from the fifeboy to the general, a total and implicit obedience to orders is absolutely necessary—for should they be in the slightest point deviated from, it may cause every disgrace.

Cæsar gave his orders to his officers, accompanied by an assurance that neither danger nor difficulty

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should excuse their deviation from them in the smallest degree.—The late king of Prussia followed his example, and his troops did wonders!—on many difficult emergencies—for they saw nothing so terrible in death, as in his resentment.

Should officers shew any neglect of strict discipline, the soldiers will most likely and naturally follow their example, and a disorder ensue which may in one day render the bravest army the least formidable.

It is not by severity or by haughty authority that you will gain the confidence and affection of the soldiers; — nothing shews a greater mind than Affability and Humanity  
to

to those brave fellows, who without that exalted enthusiasm of honor, which animates the mind nobly born, yet bravely expose their lives, paſt in toil—privation—and hardship, for the service of their country;—let humanity then ever prompt you to look on them as the partners of your dangers, and by every act of benevolence study to add to their comforts.—Never be guilty of any act of cruelty or severity to them;—the recollection that you have made one being miserable will blast all your laurels, and wither every blossom of peace and joy in your breast.

By treating them as objects of your warmest protection—by your  
ever

ever being ready to share and soothe their toils, you will gain a sure influence over them; and no man ever became a great officer who was not loved by the soldiers.

You may remember a circumstance which I have often told with transport, that happened soon after Colonel M——ll went into the army, which convinced me he would distinguish himself nobly, as he has done, to the admiration of all Europe: —I chanced to meet in a distant country, a poor soldier who had been wounded, and was returning from Gibraltar, in the same uniform my dear brother wore;—he could not suspect who I was—and on my asking him what officer he liked best

best in the army—he named one who enlisted him—and added, but it is brave M——ll who is the soldier's friend;—he is always the first to speak for them in every hardship, and late and early he does his duty as if he was no better than one himself.

It gave me more heart-felt pleasure the honest approbation of this poor invalid than any victory which has crowned him.

Such a conduct made him so beloved by General Elliot, that on the glorious *sortie* on the Spanish works, he gave him a very critical command, which awakened so much the envy of the senior officers, that

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they loudly remonstrated;—the General gave them for answer, that in every attack he always chose those men he thought the fittest for the service;—he never studied Chronology. An answer, which from such a man as the immortal Elliot, clamped very early honor on the name of Colonel M——ll.

Nothing gives such superiority over other men who are perhaps equally brave, as such a uniform attention and rectitude of conduct as persuades his superiors that they may rely on him to the utmost;—it makes the soldiers joyful to be led by such a man. No one ever possessed more the love of his soldiers than Turrenne, and amidst the glory of the most distin-

distinguished bravery, the many benevolent actions which are recorded of him, raise him above a Conqueror, and make him a Hero.

To furnish necessaries for his men, he gave all his plate and ready money to a great amount—and once, when forced to a very difficult retreat, when night and day fatigued and harraffed, by directing all the movement of the army, he saw a brave soldier so ill that he could not go on;—he instantly dismounted and placed him on his horse, and walked on foot till he lodged him safe. What transport can be greater! —what success give such heart felt satisfaction as soothing the distresses of those poor fellows, who with in-

trepid valour share all your toils and dangers, yet partake so little in the glory of the conquest.—What a valuable empire that of their honest attachment!

If they have faults and vices, or are negligent of their duty, reprimand them with strictness, but never harshly. Nothing so much revolts the lower class of people as their superiors treating them imperiously; —make every allowance for their gross unlettered manners — and for those vices which it requires the most enlightened mind, and the nicest sense of decorum, to prevent their superiors often from being seduced to. Think how little the poor soldier has to supply him in

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comforts—and pity every lapse which does not become habitual.

A poor fellow in Marshal Saxe's army was going to be hanged for stealing a crown;—Saxe asked him how he could risk his life for such a trifle?—As to that, said the brave culprit, I have long exposed it every day boldly, Sir, for two-pence half-penny. This speech recalled to Saxe's memory his bravery and wretched situation so forcibly, that he gave him his pardon.

Even where generosity does not dictate such a conduct, self-interest should. No one can foresee the services which fortune may enable the most humble object to render you

you—nor what poignant miseries may be caused by the most abject enemy.

Cardinal Wolsey was so fortunate as to bestow a trivial favor on one Williams, whose thanks, when in the days of his grandeur, he would have deemed troublesome; but when he was hurled from the pinnacle of his greatness—loaded with the most humiliating charges of high treason, yet more dishonored by having ministered to the vices of his sovereign—this grateful Williams, unmindful of the vengeance denounced by Henry, on any one who should succour him, boldly avowed himself his friend; and soothed, as much as possible, the horrors of his situation; and such honest gratitude had such

such an effect on even the cruel, tyrannical heart of Henry, that he ever after bestowed every mark of favor on Williams.

Whilst on the other hand, we find the brutal despotism of Geffer robbed the house of Austria of a sovereignty, which they had for ages peaceably enjoyed.—The proud tyrant Geffer, not satisfied with awing the people by his hated presence, put his hat upon a pole, and ordered that all who passed should do homage to it.—William Tell, a labourer, passed unmindful, or ignorant of the order—Geffer sentenced him to shoot an apple from the head of his son, when placed at twenty feet distance, hoping that agitation

would make him kill him, and afterwards become a victim to death himself.—Tell happily succeeded;—and the people, filled with horror, at such tyranny, revolted—and led on by Tell, they threw off the yoke of despotism — and formed that happy Republick, which has now flourished near five hundred years.

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UNDER the immediate protection of such distinguished and able officers, such manly, noble-minded men, as general Ab——y, and M——ll, you cannot fail to have every instruction which I am incapable of giving you, to render you perfectly master of military tactics.

But to be able to judge of that mechanism which sets armies in motion, and which may hurry you in the service of your country, from the torrid, to the torpid zone—you must study history.—By it you will

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find that in all ages, the same passions and vices have misled mankind; and the same virtues restrained them.

In history you will be able to trace to their source, the wealth, and varied interests of different nations; their alliances, manners, riches, and commerce, which is the very soul of a state—that—with the taxes that burden the people, are ever the sources of the strength or weakness of a nation.

Study the intrigues and views of individuals, who ever have kept, and now keep different nations in action.—Learn the history of your own country by heart—especially

since the invasion of William the Bastard, in 1066; also render yourself well acquainted with the state of every power in Europe.

To be able to judge of the discontent which is now general in all Roman Catholick countries, as well as to draw natural conclusions from those commotions which seems to be inevitable, from the avarice of the clergy, you must go back to the infancy of Christianity, and make yourself acquainted with the increase, abuse, and decrease, of the power of the church of Rome, which now even its once most superstitious adherents, begin to revolt against, from the avarice and depravity of the clergy.

Begin

Begin from A. D. 66, when we find the martyrdom of Peter and Paul upon record; and the appointment of St. Lin to be bishop of Rome; happy for Christianity, the cruel tyranny which crushed, and harrassed the enslaved people; rendered them greedy to adopt a doctrine which promised comfort to their sufferings, eternal rest and blessings hereafter, in proportion to their oppression, and sufferings in this world.

In the three first ages of the church, the bishop of Rome, in common with the other bishops, preached the doctrine of Christianity in all that purity which Our Saviour

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commanded to all his disciples, vested all with equal powers—piety, moderation, and privation, marked their lives—and there never was mention made of any superior power being vested in the bishop of Rome, till the days of Constantine the Great, who new modelled the Empire, and gave the church the power of regulating all religious disputes, and church rites and reforms.—But always reserving to the Emperor, the power of authorizing, or annulling, the decisions of the bishop;—this power the Emperors continued to exercise, without any bishop having ever hinted, that by divine authority he possessed any superiority over the other bishops,

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or over the government of his own country — far less in that of his neighbours.

At the period when civil discord, and foreign wars so convulsed, and dismembered the Empire, that no prince could take upon himself the government of the state, the emperor vested the bishop as his agent; and they assumed afterwards, this power as their right, in the fourth century—and no emperor afterwards, was powerful enough to re-assume his rights.

Upon the popes becoming vested with the civil government, their luxury and vices became scandalous. They were followed by slaves and mistresses

mistresses in the streets, in the greatest pomp — and from their riches and power, they were able to usurp that superiority over the other bishops, which they sometime after attempted to make their credulous adherents believe, they had been impowered by Christ to assume

The high splendor and affluence bestowed by Constantine upon the see of Rome, made all the other bishops anxious to succeed to it, and historians tell us, that the same corruption, and intrigue were used in those days as there is now, to make a pope.

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In 378, the emperor Gratian formed a spiritual court, which consisted of the bishop of Rome, and seven other bishops; to judge finally all church matters; and he commanded that all his subjects should adopt the belief of the Trinity, and become of the christian church—which proved that he (who was become a christian) was head of the church, and supreme in power; and this was frequently shewn by the emperors making the monks serve as soldiers, and the bishops of Rome as ambassadors; one of the popes, Silverius, the pupil of Belisarius, was starved to death when on an embassly.

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Till the eighth century, we find the pope's power no greater than that of our archbishops; after that period the imbecility, superstition, and often the poverty and difficulties of the emperors, tempted them to give the popes sovereign power over provinces—titles—and homage, to gain assistance, or pardon of their crimes.

So soon as the popes were declared head of the church, they easily got those Pagans, who had turned to Christianity, to affix the same ideas to them, that they had to their ancient Druids, that the person who was excommunicated by them, was degraded and deprived of the common rights of

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the people, and thus they began—  
first to thunder damnation on na-  
tions and kings, who deviated from  
their politicks.

In this same century one *Pepin*,  
finding his sovereign *Childeric*, a  
weak prince—formed the ambitious  
scheme of dethroning him, and af-  
fording his throne, which pope  
*Zacheria* encouraged him to do;  
knowing that if *Pepin* succeeded,  
he could not do without the  
influence of the church, over  
the minds of the people, as  
well as the riches of its treasury;  
for which *Pepin* promised to aid  
him with his arms, and every art  
to establish his power; and after  
*Pepin*, by these means, had com-  
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pleated his treason, the pope was attacked by Aſlulph, a Lombard prince, when Pepin hastened with his army to his succour, and forced Aſlulph totally to give up to the pope, the dutchy of Rome.

In the time of pope *Adrian*, who succeeded *Zacheria*, *Charlemagne*, the son of *Pepin*, again repulsed the Lombard princes, who wished to reduce the ravished power of the papal splendor.—Charlemagne found the pope a very powerful friend; from the bigotry, the natural produce of ignorance, which reigned in those days, the princes and people impoverished themselves to make presents to the pope, whom they believed to be endowed

with supernatural powers, from the miracles, and wonders they daily performed by their knowledge in medicine and chemistry, which knowledge was alone confined to the priesthood.

Thus by reading history, you will find by what almost imperceptible degrees, the church of Rome emerged from all the simplicity and truth of the pure doctrines of Christ; to enjoy that splendor and corruption, which has for so many ages distinguished it.

Surely the leading Pepin to become a traitor and a regicide was contrary to the doctrines of Our Saviour, and all those forgeries, and

the persecution of those, who by their rival greatness, awakened the jealousy of the clergy, because they were not weak enough to submit to the horrors committed to enslave—and by which they have triumphed for many ages, but now seems most rapidly to decline.

One of the chief causes of the great success of the Popes was, that they were elected—they were therefore always men of chosen abilities, and arts fitted to the study of enriching and aggrandizing the church; if any pope turned out a man of a different turn, the cardinals lost no time to murder or depose him, whereas the princes who succeeded their fathers were either fools or wise men, as the chance of fortune directed.

The popes, under pretence of managing the affairs of the church, and the consciences of the kings, were always sending men to undermine the politicks of every cabinet; either by encouraging the weakesses of the leading men, or by denouncing thunders which intimidated the weak-minded, and superstitious; and thus, with the aid of all-powerful gold, they secured such secret influence, it is not to be wondered, that they should so long have kept all Europe in a state of blood, barbarism, and bigotry, which still would have been its wretched situation, had not England, Switzerland, and many of the German Principalities, by the will of Providence, reformed and revolted from the unjust usurpation of  
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the church of Rome. Religion since that period has ceased to be the *primum mobile* of state intrigues, in those rival nations which give laws to the world.

Should a general reform of that church now happen—which is very probable—the minds of its adherents seem ripe for revolt; from their being groaning severely under the tyranny of a corrupt avaracious clergy, we may expect to see all Europe enjoy a permanent peace; but the avarice of the Roman clergy will leave no attempt untried to secure their power; and it is only by a conflict which must produce varied scenes of blood, that they will submit to restore their usurped spoils—we find  
that

that already many of them have kept the chair by assassinations, cruelty, and treachery.

Sergius the Third made one of his numerous bastards pope, under the name of John the Eleventh. John the Twelfth was also a bastard of pope Agapats ; for in those days, although those heroes willingly made the sacrifice to God of that generally troublesome appendage to a libertine—*a Wife*; yet they could not dispense with a variety of mistresses. Gregory the Second profited the most by his amours ; for the Empress Matilda, and the daughter of the Duke of Tuscany left him large legacies. Pascal the Second stirred up and supported Henry the Fifth to act so bad a part by his father :

father: for it was those scandalous representatives of divine virtue which armed sons against their fathers, and made them become traitors to their oath and allegiance.—Alexander the Sixth is recorded as a wonder of brutal crimes!—Clement the Seventh had the mortification to see Luther fill his chair—and could work no miracle to prevent his being driven out of Rome. He also found the Emperor Charles cry loudly against the power and usurpation of the church—which awed him so much that he lost England—as he dared not give permission to Henry the Eighth to divorce Catherine of Arragon, because she was the aunt of Charles, whom he was afraid more to irritate. Henry enraged against every thing

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stood in opposition to his wishes, burned the pope in effigy in London, and ordered every one to change their religion with as little remorse as he changed his wife—thus an enslaved people are for ever persecuted by despotic fools. Paul the Third was famous for being the most luxurious and licentious man of his time—he made his bastards cardinals when boys.

At this period the clergy made a violent effort to re-establish their power in England; and *Mary*, with that cruel revengeful spirit, which seems to have been the most powerful engine of the church, by burning and extirpating all those who dared oppose her—did all she could to bring Eng-

land again under the yoke of popery—but such a conduct was not calculated to make proselytes of the minds of men, enlightened by the mild influence of truth, and it soon pleased God to purge the earth of such a monster.

But it was reserved to Paul the Fourth to see the mortal blow given to the power of the see of Rome, in the glorious reign of Elizabeth, whose want of toleration, which stained her name with a sister's death, arose from a conviction that tolerating such opposite doctrines in the church, must inevitably, sooner or later, involve the nation in civil discord.

The late king of Prussia allowed every man liberty of conscience, but took such measures as to prevent that liberty of thinking, from ever being dangerous, by being brought into action.—One very ingenious method he fell upon to take off a stigma affixed upon the Jews; they petitioned him to be permitted to wear swords, which was formerly denied them; he granted their request—only ordering that they should always wear them on the right side; which with infinite cleverness conveys all that can be said against *toleration*. The people of the established church, either in England, or in Rome, should alone be judged fitting to act directly or indirectly in the government.

Sixtus

Sixtus the Fifth was so piqued to revenge at England's having not only thrown off the chains of Rome, but her sudden rise to grandeur, and importance, that he promised Philip the Second, to secure to him the conquest of Britain, provided he would do homage to him; but all his holy water and masses, would not save the Invincible Armada.

In the reign of Charles the First, though he was by profession a protestant, yet the queen, who was a papist, encouraged as much as possible, that religion; which every member of their church think it is their duty to restore if they can, by whatever treachery or means;

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all are admissible if for the glory of God, and the happiness of society; for they suppose no one can be saved out of their own communion: Charles was tempted to second the attempts of the Catholicks, from a wish to become despotic—his tyrannical views, however, were cut off, by a phoenix starting up in the great Cromwell, whose abilities, and courage, soon levelled to the dust his schemes.

No man ever possessed the same abilities, or powers of mind;—bold and judicious in all his plans—he had the art coolly to disguise, what he with fervour executed;—he could assume any character—ambition was the darling passion of his soul; but he

he well knew that it was necessary for him humbly to crawl where he could not boldly ascend.—He seemed of every man's mind; to turn him to his purposes;—which were ever secret, and the result of his solitary judgement—he never disclosed his plans till ripe for execution.

No one suspected, on his first taking his seat in parliament, from his reserve, that he was the great man he afterwards so decidedly proved himself. To him England owes the foundation of the blessed constitution, which is of so happy a texture, that no tyranny, superstition, or depravity in its kings, can in future either injure or impair it. The will of an enlightened people  
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have since formed a code of laws, which by their moderation, justice, and morality, must ever be equally dear to future ages.

He freed England from tyranny, kept Holland in awe, imposed laws to Portugal, conquered Spain, and by treating France with contempt, taught her so much to fear him, that she humbly courted his alliance.

With a valor not to be surpassed, he subdued Ireland and Scotland—and had he supplied, with more liberality, Charles the Second with money, he certainly would have secured the crown to his own family, as money was all which Charles wanted to make him prefer libertinism in France,

France, to reigning in England, and it certainly had been more happy for those he governed—for Charles has left us nothing to admire, but the fruits of his amours.

His people were unhappy under a weak libertine prince, so artful, they ever suspected him; and so much attached to France, that he gave her every preference—his reign was marked by public calamity—the plague and great fire of London—together with a still greater—the debauchery of the court—where the meanest prostitutes triumphantly reigned—he was divested of firmness of mind and probity—the two greatest qualities that can distinguish any man, either in public or private life.

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At his death the pope again put all his irons in the fire to restore popery in England ; but James the Second was such a bigot, and by superstition and cruelty was rendered so contemptible in the eyes of his subjects, who gloried in that freedom of principle which resulted from reason, and daring to think for themselves, that they resolved to dethrone him, and place Mary the Second on the throne, which plan this pusillanimous prince rendered easy by his flight, leaving his abdicated throne to be filled by Mary, and her husband William the Third.

A good lesson to kings who wish to trample on the free-born rights of mankind; that a king is no

longer such—than so long as he strictly fulfils those obligations which he owes to God, and his countrymen, by protecting their freedom, laws, and property. William and Mary soon restored that grandeur and happiness, which England has ever since in a superior manner enjoyed, free from the inglorious chains of despotism, superstition, and prejudice.

William, by a prudent and courageous reign, gained the perfect confidence of his people, and gave laws to every cabinet in Europe—he was brave—simple in his manners—and tolerant to that superstition he despised. He was greater in power, like Mr. P—I, than any surrounding mo-

narch only by the approbation—the choice of a *free* people. He rescued Holland from the yoke of France, and forced all Europe to tolerate the Protestants. The last act he sanctioned in parliament, was that of securing the succession to the house of Hanover, by which he gave a mortal blow to popery, and saw England emerge from ignorance, indolence, and internal discord, to wealth, peace, and unbounded commerce.

These chosen men surely possess more power than, had they been born heirs to the crown, the people would have permitted them to assume.

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A minister who possesses the confidence of the people, may be altogether despotic ; they look on him as men do on a favourable mistress, they are jealous of the power of their wife ; but a mistress, who has no *rights*, but those which they invest her with from affection, may be despotic.—Thus with a minister, they rest satisfied in his being the object of their choice, removeable at pleasure ;—and only deny them the name of sovereign, which is ever suspected.

Since the reign of William the Third, the Protestant religion has spread so over Europe, that the adherents of the church of Rome, begin, like their neighbours, to consult

consult reason, and doubt what revolts it.

And the popes begin to be more cautious, since England, the corner stone of the political fabrick, has renounced popery—their intrigues are now chiefly confined to raising money on the superstitious ; and in that debauchery which so eminently distinguishes all the clergy in the Roman Catholick countries—where the harassed people revolt at seeing the divine representatives of Christ, such avaricious profligates ; and poor, miserable, and discontented, they only wait an opportunity to throw off the yoke, and worship God in purity and sincerity.

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The lower class of people would rather beg than work to support a clergy who have no religion ; if one judges by their profligacy.

No prince is now so ignorant as to tremble at the thunders of the Vatican—yet as the pope still continues to impoverish the neighbouring kingdoms, by selling very dear his bulls necessary for all ranks of the priesthood to their being in orders ; it would appear very wonderful that sovereigns should continue to submit to what so evidently impoverishes their people ; did not that love of despotism which is imbibed with the name of king, renders them unwilling to destroy its chief source.

On a view of the many vicious wicked men who have filled the chair, one shudders to think, in this enlightened age, that any part of mankind should attribute to such sinners the virtues of Christ, and look on men, polluted with every crime, as vested with a supernatural power !

You find that at first by degrees, by treachery, and usurpation on the part of the bishops of Rome ;—by interested motives on the part of the emperor, and by bigotry in the people, they arrived at that wealth, splendor, and power, which they make the superstitious falsely believe they have derived from Heaven ;—but our Lord Jesus Christ came to preach peace, humility, and every moral virtue, to  
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man ; poverty, abstinence, and meekness, marked his Divine worth, and characterized his disciples, which the pomp and profligacy of the church of Rome has ever been in direct opposition to ;—but now the minds of men are opened to the treacherous delusions, which have so long duped them, and reformation, or an absolute revolution, will most likely soon be effected in all despotic governments.—Since our loss of America, the Continent has enjoyed a calm which foretold the storm which has burst forth in ravages on France.

The loss of our colonies was attended with such honor to our fleets, as well revenged the perfidy of France. Rodney, Howe, and Hood, became

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names formidable to Europe ; whilst the shameful panic struck retreat of his highness of O——, doubly proved the dominion of the seas belongs to England ; since he even did not dare to take those of our ships, which lay an easy prey to the superior force of France, which was seconded by wind, and situation.

The war ended glorious for us in the memorable defence of Gibraltar, where all the force of Spain was employed for years in works which they persuaded themselves would insure its surrend<sup>r</sup>er ;—yet all of which the glorious Elliot destroyed in a few hours, without the loss of a man ; by that well conducted descent which he made upon them, where your intrepid dear

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uncle was, though so young, an officer, honored with so important a command:—the same activity and bravery in the general and his troops, made a handful of men in comparison of the united force of Spain, France, and Holland, easily conquer those princes and generals who flocked to the camp to exult in our defeat, when Elliot again, with such generalship as they were not even capable of imagining possible!—finally destroyed their floating-batteries, riches, pride, and hopes!

Twelve hundred men were burnt and drowned, besides all their valuable artillery destroyed;—thus Elliot glo- riously defended against those three united powers, in a siege nearly as

long as that of Troy, that garrison, which in the year 1704 the English took in three days. This was a mortal blow to Spanish arrogance, and the intrigue and vanity of France;—for France was too ingloriously sunk in slavery and depravity, to have a sense of *pride*; and it soon brought the Dutch to respect the alliance of England.

The reigns of Louis the XIVth. and XVth. was alternately that of prostitutes and priests, and such low intrigues as generally spring from such sources, directed every movement of the state. Louis the XVth. left a people harrassed, and exhausted, by tyranny; their successes in America only gave added discontent — that

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their men and money was sacrificed to give that freedom to others, which they vainly sighed for—the king was afraid and in constant agitation from the murmurs of the people, though too much the dupe of his mistresses, and their minions, to silence them by any soothing measures.

Lettres des Cachets were sold by the Duc de Vrillierre, Sartine, and Lenoir, who were equally feared by the prince and peasant, whom they burried to the Bastile at the slightest instigation of their profligate mistresses—often the wives of the unfortunate sufferers.

Although we find Louis the XVI<sup>th</sup>. was not managed, or surrounded by

such creatures, yet so general was become the *rotteness* of the cor. of all the French constitution, that falsehood, espionage, and treachery, was the sole springs on which government moved.—There is a system of honor in politicks, which if once a cabinet deviates from, it may by its treachery become *formidable*; but it never can be *respectable*.

The want of steadiness, and character, in the king; and his irresolution, may perhaps have arisen from the knowing that he is surrounded by perfidy, and every step covering a snare; his treachery to England has been so severely brought home to him, that humiliated and lost even to the approbation of his own mind,

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we must pity even in condemning.

Such a system of politicks as for the last century has been adopted in France, the pride, and honor of England would revolt at—and we owe the loss of America to the too great confidence in our ministers, who could not suspect such perfidy was acting at Versailles, when her ambassadors here, were daily pledging themselves that no hostile measure was ever thought of by France against England, even when every aid and council was given to America to enable her to renounce her natural protector,— and this event, the greatest which has happened for many years, will probably  
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be productive of the overthrow of despotism.

The loss which England sustained in her trade, and possessions, must make her for ever murmur at those measures, which deprived her of so valuable a possession—had not a despotic ambition entered into the ministers of England—had they not denied America that constitution and laws, which it in justice ought to have enjoyed, in common with us;—the grandeur of the British dominions had remained unmutilated—and liberty gained what despotism lost.

Had the remonstrances of the people—had the almost expiring voice

voice of the immortal Chatham, to whom England owed her grandeur, been attended to—what feas of blood! What oppression had been spared! And Louis still had remained a monarch,

But his conduct was enough to awaken divine vengeance, and it already has poured on France, afflictions great as their offences; in a revolution, the spirit of which was imported by their troops—a revolution which will involve them in every misery, and regret, and prey upon the vitals of the nation till it destroys it.

Amidst all that want of faith which France has shewn, never did

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conquest give such triumphant glory, as does the integrity, and grandeur of conduct, which has directed the British cabinet during their humiliation; too generous to take advantage of their calamity—too proud to repay their treachery by availing themselves of their misfortunes—they are equally deaf to the intrigues of a Callone, Orleans, and Tallerand, even though they, at this moment, have harraffed our affairs in India, by giving every aid in their power to the tyrant of the East.

Our ministers scorn such meanness as to take any advantage of their situation; — conscious that such a conduct gives them a superiority far more valuable than all Louis's once enslaved possessions.

The king of France has no decision of character, which has lost him his power — he loves and esteems the queen—but has never enough given up to her the reins of government. Every artful counsellor can tempt him to renounce his former promises and intentions, had he been directed by the queen, it is more than probable such a revolution had never been thought of. On his ascending the throne he unfortunately chose ministers, who by having been the creatures, that ministered to all the excesses of debauchery, and despotism of Louis the Fifteenth, and his mistresses, possessed so little the confidence of the queen and the people, that they, fearful of her influence,

early began to defame her—to prevent her having any thing to say in state affairs; and by those measures, they caused divisions, and animosities, which inflamed the volcano that has annihilated the monarchy

Amidst all the unmerited reproach which a number of interested men have endeavoured to affix to the character of the queen, from their envy at her abilities, and fear of their being known—rest assured there is not a greater soul exists, than the tortured one of Marie Antoinette, the magnanimity and moderation with which she has conducted herself, in the most awful, and overwhelming circum-

cumstances, to which she, and her infants have nearly fallen the victims, and constantly been exposed, will ever make her justly be recorded, for the firmness, and courage of a heroine.

The only blot which her enemies, either at home or abroad, accuse her of, is one, which if they follow the judgement of Christ, and none throw a stone against her, but *she* who is free from guilt, there will not be a hand in France uplifted against her.

Just emerged from infancy, lovely in her person, candid and innocent in her manners, her heart open and glowing with sincerity, and benevolence

lence, she was led to Paris to become a victim to the perfidy and corruption, which guarded every avenue to the court;—where she was to live an inferior personage, to a low born prostitute, who banished from Versailles, all decency, honor, and integrity; the beauty and infantine graces of the dauphiness awakened adoration in every bosom, where the scorpion envy and detraction did not reign.

Soon her unassuming gaiety was mis-judged by those worthless wantons, whose vices shrank at the view of her innocence and beauty—and she became the object of slander,—before she had even admitted a thought into her bosom contrary to the utmost

simplicity and rectitude, in which her mother had educated her;—under whose eye she had never witnessed but the strictest adherence to every delicacy and moral virtue.

If she has been seduced by the profligate manners of the country, to those vices which the courtiers gloried in; she surely is not more guilty than the rest, who all gave her the example on her entering on life.—And setting this vice out of the question, of which I never could discover *any* authentick proofs that she really ever was guilty, and you will find her whole conduct, not only irreproachable, but in the most exalted degree estimable.

Grateful

Grateful to, and never abandoning her friends — forgiving to her enemies — never stooping to repay crimes by vengeance — a fond mother — and attentive wife ; — she had been on any other throne but that of France, a great, a valued queen — had she succeeded her mother, she would have shewn she possessed a superior power of head, — and heart, — but the king, turned by every wind, and such arts employed daily to prevent her from any knowledge of state affairs, she gave her youth up to dress, gaiety, and frivolity — the deities so long worshipped by the French court.

Unlike Louis, whose plans shrunk from light, and were turned with every adviser — the treachery and unmeaning

undermining proceedings of the cabinet, did not admit of her displaying the abilities of her mind,—Maurepas,—Orleans—Aguillon—and others, by every flander, tried to rob her of the king's confidence;—and the only degree of firmness Louis has ever shewn, was in never allowing his love and esteem for her to be shaken by flanders, which originated from political intrigue *alone*, and from her being of the House of Austria, the object of their hate and jealousy.

However much we heard the public clamors from every quarter since the reign of Louis XVI<sup>th</sup>. it was by no means caused by the increase of abuses in it—on the contrary, it was because they feared him less than

his predecessors. — In the former reigns they were forced to groan in secret, over their woes; — whereas the good-nature of Louis made him anxious to redress their griefs, and gave them courage enough to think, without the terror of being buried alive.

And when oppressed with taxes to defray the expences of giving that freedom to America which they longed to enjoy,—they began to feel their chains galling; and they resolved to renounce the despotism of nobles without honor, and a clergy without any religion.

To silence as much as possible, the murmurs of poverty, Louis very inconsiderately reformed his household;  
and

and added to the set of discontents, several hundred nobles, who became virulent in their abuses—and desirous of a revolution, which could not make their fortune worse, or influence less.

At this time of public poverty, the people became enraged to see most expensive walls, and barriers, raised to surround Paris, at an enormous expence, and apparently a monument of their slavery, by which they were robbed of all the profits of their labors, to pay exorbitant entries for every thing—and the people in the provinces were in a similiar manner pilfered by like exactions, whilst the nobles and clergy rioted in every luxury and vice, freed from every tax.

In this critical state of affairs, dismay, and difficulty, agitated every member of the government, and all parties now began to regret, that all probity, and honor, was banished from their system—they no longer could place confidence in each other.

The king justly doubting the attachment of the nobles and clergy, whose assumed rights were so oppressive to the people—and which he had resolved to restrain; his ministers were divided by jealousies and perfidies; the seeds of which were so artfully sown by the Pompadours and Barrys—the queen naturally inimical to the people, who had so *unjustly* plotted against her—

and

and attached to her friends—all was cabal and suspicion at Versailles! Whilst those who were either by choice, or the ill-regulated reforms of Louis, removed from the court, flew to aid that spirit of revolt, and disaffection which lurked, and long secretly had been nursed, by the duc de O——, on the one part; and by the lovers of freedom on the other. The people, become frantic by oppression, which at last burst forth, and brought about that revolution, which must ever create wonder and sorrow from its rapidity, and astonishing circumstances.

We find the first year of the revolt a scene of horror, cruelty, and riot, degrading to be recorded  
of

of any nation, and likely to remain for many years equally deplorable. At this intricate period of the French government, the queen's brother, the emperor, was little to be depended upon to afford them any succour; either from the state of his own deranged government, or from inclinations.—

The House of Austria had a natural aversion to France, and the French ever looked with a jealous eye upon the empire.—They even supposed that the queen would prefer her brother's interest to her own darling child; and scrupled not to accuse her of robbing the treasury, to enrich her family;—airy visions! without foundation, which ever spring

in timid minds to suppose the belief  
of what they fear.

Between such a rivalship and enmity, which had for ages existed, it required a more generous heroick mind than Joseph possessed, to expose either his men or money, in their service.—Besides Joseph had assumed a patriotic character, his plans breathed a benevolent wish to redress the grievances of his people, and reform the abuse in the church;—but he had neither character nor abilities adequate to digest into a system the mangled form of reformation which brooded in his brain.

Not

Not liberal enough to renounce imperial despotism, he artfully tried to feign that patriotism which his whole soul was averse to; he wished to enrich his treasury by the wealth of the church; yet slyly pretended the alleviating the grievances of the people was the motive on which alone he acted.—In vain the pope condescended to come a humble suppliant to his door, to crave mercy for the ill-gotten wealth of his convents.—Joseph was as little softened by the prayers of his holiness, as he was intimidated by the thunders which he could send forth—and he persisted in the scheme, which had not been arranged with any degree of wisdom, consequently was not productive of the

the desired effect—as it involved him in such civil discord, as soon squandered away all the wealth he had seized—and shook the Imperial throne.

His Low Countries all revolted—more from aversion, than oppression, and had not death put an end to his reign, he was involved in difficulties insurmountable.

This weak, intriguing prince was by no means fitted to rival the wary, artful Frederick, born with a decision, a versatility of character, a foresight, intrepidity, and universal knowledge, rarely to be met with in one man. The emperor's unbounded avarice, and wish to mo-

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nopolize, made him the constant scourge and object of Frederick's attention.

His views on Bavaria—his idle scheme of giving up the Austrian Netherlands—with his having made his brother Elector of Cologne, and his infant views on the Principality of Liege—together with his visit to France—all made Frederick's chief study to curb his purposes; and he spared no pains to do so by spreading a train of discontent, and revolt in all his dominions; which he has done, with such success, as will in all probability one day give a deadly blow to the despotism of the empire.

Had

Had Frederick not discovered in a lucky moment, the intrigues of Pompadour, with whom the bigoted empress condescended to plot against Prussia, by an intended attack on Silesia, he had been ruined. But he was too wise for them—and got the start of his unskillful enemies. Frederick's foresight was such, that the artful Vergennes could never see any of his petty intrigues covered with any greater success than that of raising discontent, and sedition amongst his neighbours—to bring which about he impoverished the treasury of France, and spread at home the seeds of liberty and independence by the intrigues he carried on in Holland, as well as in Brabant and Liege.

The princess of Orange, with a courage and fortitude nearly equal to that of Marie Antoinette, and with an activity and prudence which few men could have shewn in so critical a situation, held at bay the republican tumult, till she got the aid of her cousin of Prussia (successor to the political finesse, but not the warlike spirit of Frederick) which joined to the support which the cabinet of Great-Britain gave her, not only restored order and tranquillity in Holland, but occasioned a treaty which proved all the wealth and intrigue of the French cabinet to have been vainly exhausted in raising up that faction in other nations, which the vengeance of heaven, seems to have denounced should

should recoil on themselves, and aggrandize those they wished to lessen.

When the hey day came they were not able to profit of their treacherous plans—and England by her bold—honorable—political conduct, dispelled every cloud, and now appears to all Europe, the most exalted state, the law-giver of the world; not by petty arts, but imposing grandeur, not to be equalled or impaired by the perfidy of her neighbours. It is true she may be obliged to unsheathe the sword in their contention, which will only afford her added honor by her enforcing justice, defending the opprest, or staying the horrors of civil broils.

On

On the death of Joseph his subjects began to hope, that with new men they would have new measures—and willing to trust the fair promises of Leopold—the revolted provinces laid down their arms—and calmly saw the Imperial troops march into their garrisons;—the people in the Brabant were left duped by Vendernoot, who pilfered, and deserted them—And the Liegoise, deluded by the king of Prussia, who artfully trifled with them, and supported them in their revolt, till new arrangements in his plans rendered it no longer his interest; they then found themselves suddenly abandoned by him, who by his instigations brought about the revolution. Thus left amid poverty—anarchy—

and confusion—all their hopes and confidence misplaced, they were unable to refuse to receive again their hated prince—or to offer any resistance to his oppressive government.—The splendor of his court, the indolence licentious luxury of a swarm of priests, monks, and myrmidons, are supported by the most grievous extortions on his people.—But not satisfied with that, his avarice is fed by preying on the follies and miseries of his subjects, and those who visit his country, where he has gaming tables—the profits of which he so greedily seizes—that even Sundays and fasts, he thus morning, noon, and night, deals ruin around him—in place of like a bishop, exhorting his flock to shun this destructive

structive vice, and pay decent attention to religious duties.

The present calm in these countries, is only a suspension of their discontent, not the assuaging of it; they were taken by surprise—and only remain tranquil, trusting that some moment favorable to their views will soon present itself.—Already the people in the Brabant feel how little dependance is to be placed in the promises of a despotic prince—Leopold is very unsecure in these posseffions—because, unable to say he reigns over ought but his army, which alone restrain the people ripe for revolt, and who figh for freedom—he is but ill able, were he willing, to aid his  
sister,

sister, thus cruelly abandoned by the nobles—who left the royal family a prey to a lawless mob; and took refuge in the bosom of their natural enemies, supplicating succour to restore their rights. Had they not abandoned their king and cause, by this early flight, it is undoubted, that they either by force or moderation, might have restored the aristocracy, and placed their monarch on the throne—indendant as his forefathers.

But all the united force of the empire joined to theirs, will not now be able to effect it—should they attempt to enter France, the whole nation, who at present are divided in many parties, originating

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from jealousy, poverty, and every cause of discontent — they will all join, and forget their internal foes, to repel the *common* enemy—for it is not with liberty, that they are dissatisfied; but the abuses of that blessing—by the ill-conduct of their credit, the stop to all commerce, and trade. But if their discontent is left to prey upon themselves, it will do more, to the restoration of their former situation—than all the troops of the empire; though commanded by the majesty of Sweden\*, whose intrepidity, bravery, and generosity, will leave nothing that his narrow powers can do, to re-establish the government, and rescue royalty from

\* This hero enjoyed perfect health when this was written.

the

the humiliating situation in which it has so long been sunk.

What monarch but must feel the cause of Louis, and his heroick queen? When we find a daftardly wretch, who has so decidedly proved his cowardice, as a *man* — dressed like a fishwoman, leading on a band of wretches—whom to encourage to the merciless plot of assassinating the royal family, he has sacrificed his princely fortune—when we find him at the doors of royalty, murdering those guards who were placed there as a testimony of that protection, which every subject had sworn to give their king; whose hands were now ready to plunge their swords in his blood—whose only fault towards

them, had been, the too inconfide-  
rately giving up to the benevolent wish  
to make the meanest of his subjects  
happy ; those attendants and rights  
which his forefathers maintained by  
despotic rigor.

With what heroism — what un-  
daunted magnanimity — the queen  
conducted herself, even at those mo-  
ments when the feelings of the wo-  
man were most poignantly agitated  
by fears for her children ; for she  
seems ever to have soared too high—  
to have admitted any for her own  
safety. When count Fondeville went  
to demand an order from her for the  
royal horses, that he might hold  
them in readiness ; — she coolly an-  
swered, I will instantly give the  
order,

order, provided that you will promise me not to make use of it—if I only am in danger; but to use it with all possible dispatch, if the king or my son's safety is doubtful.

What courage!—at the moment that she heard the assassins in the most brutal manner crying aloud for her blood;—at that moment when Mr. La Serre, a man of undoubted credit, deposes on the trial, that he saw the duc of O,—, point out her bed-chamber to his hireling crew!—to an impulse of generosity and feeling which actuated her, at that moment—even when her existence hung over the power of such a merciless banditti — she certainly owes her life; which was greedily sought

sought by these miscreants, hired to extirpate all who stood in his way to becoming a tyrant.

The women were swearing, and vowing vengeance, because they had not money to purchase bread—as they had even their cloaths pledged; such was their poverty.—The queen assured them, how sincerely she felt for their distress, and promised, from her own purse, to release every pledge for less than a Louis;—that declaration made these murderers turn from their purpose, and *long live the queen* re-echoed through the palace.

The king entreated the queen on the first outrage of the mob to go away;

away ; as she seemed so much the object of their vengeance—but she heroically declared, that she was firmly resolved to live, or die in the bosom of her family ! she was too tender a mother, to listen to any thing which could make her abandon her infants—and, arming herself with a dagger, she resolved to use it, if necessary, in their defence.

Those of the aristocrats who are not aware of the intrigue which put in motion the horrid excesses of the 5th of October, blame La Fayette, accuse him—if not as accessory to the plot, as at least subservient to it, from his not instantly having used all his influence to calm the enraged populace, and send them

them from Versailles; but it never could be the interest of liberty—and La Fayette—that the plot of that day should succeed—as such a cruel blow as the murder of the royal family, would have annihilated all liberty, and a tyrant equal to Nero, probably have filled the throne.

When the tumult commenced—La Fayette could not fail to suspect in part, the conspiracy—and he must have been sensible of the danger of his taking any part—had it been a tumult, the effects of discontent in the people; he might have quelled it—but a hired crew engaged, and bent on gaining their bribe—he must have fallen a sacrifice,

fice, had he taken any part against the people.

They would have supposed him in direct opposition to every principle which he had professed ; to all that love of liberty which rages with such frantick enthusiasm in his breast—and had he appeared as a leader to such a tumultuous mob, he would naturally have been confounded with the villain that armed the assassins.

The only thing which he could do with any prudence, or consistency, in such circumstances, he did ; he watched all the movements—and flew to the succour of the king the moment he saw him evidently in

C c danger;

danger; and had it not been for him, the royal family certainly had been murdered.

In the morning those wretches advanced to the apartment of the queen; which was pointed out to them by the duke of O——. Messrs. Du Repair, and Miomandre, on hearing them swear they must have the queen's heart's-blood, attempted to open her door, to save her when they attacked, and wounded them with knives and spikes—it was either want of courage, or Providence, which prevented those wretches from entering her apartment—till the queen, with her infant son, ran through a secret passage almost naked—into the king's apartment,

ment, where her horror was extreme not to find him! he had heard of her danger—and was gone another way to fetch her, and soon returned with his daughter.

By this time the assassins had found their way into the queen's room, and pierced her bed—and left it stained by those weapons—reeking from the murdered guards, and which they meant to have washed in the royal blood.

La Fayette flew to the safety of the king—and had he, before those wretches had shewn plainly to the patriots that they were hired assassins—had he joined the king's party, he had lost all his influence with

the people and been either confounded in the massacre, or responsible for the crimes committed.

He intreated the king and queen to join him in attempting to soothe the murderers, to save the remaining guards; the queen, though surrounded with wretches who tried for her head, appeared boldly on the balcony; one wretch cried he would shoot her, and presented his firelock; she calmly faced him; and he dropped his arms.

How humbling! how cruel! the greatest monarch upon earth, thus to be obliged to implore mercy from hireling murderers! So soon as the queen heard the mob cry out that they should

should go to Paris to be their bakers and scullions—she seemed to wish to go; and preceded by the hearts and heads of those faithful guards butchered in their defence stuck on spears, and carried in triumph before their coach, surrounded by fish-women and assassins, vomiting abuse, they slowly, scarce perceptibly, moved to Paris.

Surely no conquest, not all the blind confidence of the people, can give La Fayette such satisfaction, as the being on that day the Saviour of the Royal Family. Aristocrats are guided by the resentment of party, when they do not allow this fact. La Fayette must have renounced his party to have acted otherwise  
on

on that dismal day; his conduct not only preserved them safe, but rendered in future, all the plots of this villain abortive.—Had he prevented the first attack upon the guards, a conflict must probably have ensued, in which many thousands would have fallen.

These excesses could not be attributed to the patriots, for they were the efforts of a man not possessed of any such sentiment, whose only view was to ascend the throne by murder and rapine; but the national assembly took those crimes upon themselves, from the moment that they secered the proofs of them, and preserved from punishment the perpetrator.

They

They did so from a selfish view, to make a *cat's paw* of his fortune, and influence, which from that discovery became unable to be of any dangerous consequence to their plans; as they were united in the common cause, that of annihilating the present monarchy, and oppressing the king, deserted by his frivolous, effeminate, selfish nobles, who are so unlike those unhappy faithful servants of king James, who dared every thing, but desert their sovereign.

The reason assigned by them for this inglorious desertion of him is, that the king is of a character so unsteady, that he is not to be depended upon for a moment.— In

short, that want of probity which had marked every intrigue of the cabinet, to England, Holland, Prussia, and the Empire, now recoiled upon themselves, for no one dared trust the other—suspicion filled every bosom, and rendered every step, word, and action, a subject of alarm; and this want of confidence will prevent any success either in the field or the cabinet—such is the reward which justly attends the perfidious; they are scourges to each other—no unanimity or success can be expected in the plans of people who mistrust and despise each other.

The nobles and clergy used all their influence to get the king to join them, and to re-enter his kingdom,

dom, with such a force as would regulate the anarchy and confusion which had taken place of all government and religion.

The king long hesitated to put this attempt in execution, as it was evident that they only wished to establish the aristocracy—but at last, finding that amidst all the ideas of freedom, which to enjoy his subjects had overleaped every bounds which law or prejudice had till then rendered sacred, that he not only was alone deprived of every sort of liberty, but subjected to daily insult, having his queen threatened every hour with outrage, and those who had boldly attempted to murder his family,

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not only exculpated; but left at large to plot fresh treasons.

It is most natural that every feeling of nature, and humanity, should revolt against such a situation. Could a fond mother daily live in fears that the first dark hour of midnight would conceal the murderers of her infants,—Could Marie Antoinette, whose soul was ever too great to shew harshness, even to those who basely murdered her reputation—or by any act of despotic power, has she ever punished those flanderers, which our government would most rigorously prosecute?—Could such a woman, with such a liberal mind, support those agonizing fears; such humiliating degradations?—No—unmindful

mindful of every thing but those fears, which haunted her every hour, in terrors for her infants—trembling least every morsel which they tasted, conveyed death—she most naturally seconded the king's intended evasion.

Most people are astonished that Frenchmen, who have ever been cited as a frivolous fawning set of people — famed only for politeness and delicacy, that they all at once should burst forth ferocious, merciless savages — exulting in murders and cruelties, unequalled on the coast of Guinea. Even the women in Normandy have been seen fighting, who shculd, cannibal like, devour the yet throbbing heart of a

young man that they butchered—because their landlord, whose only crime was having been born noble, and having enjoyed those rents—which he was reared under their eye to possess, as his forefathers had done. The reason for this speedy change is obvious—they never had any *real* character—their polished—servile—courteous appearance, was a mask which despotism forced them to put on—the fears to which they constantly were slaves—the abject court which they were obliged to shew those they mortally hated. In short, all their sentiments — actions — and words, were falsehood to deceive their tyrants, and to evade those spies who lurked in every corner.

Now

Now that they no longer are obliged to wear this cloak, they are left in naked wretchedness of character—with every feeling perverted—divested of that honor—humanity—and generosity—which has so nobly distinguished Englishmen, ever since that happy period, when they dared to think and reason from the free-born mind, and follow the honest dictates of uncorrupted nature.—The French had not manly firmness enough to lop off grievances, or skill, like good husbandmen, to weed—without levelling the whole crop.—Because kings, nobles, and priests become corrupted, that does not argue that they should no longer exist—it is in the power of every nation, endowed with rea-

son and steadiness, to reform errors which have imperceptibly grown obnoxious.

The world has too long existed, and every possible sort of government, or system, for the happiness of individuals, has in every varied form been tried ; and we never yet have found any that has rendered mankind happy or respectable, as a society ; but where subordination and confidence was implicit, in men chosen as leaders—in laws approved by the voice of the nation—an equal representation of the people, and impartial protection of their rights—kings, lords, and priests, are necessary evils—like doctors—the only error is in affixing a value to  
their

their titles ; not to their character.—But from lawless anarchy—nothing can spring but tyranny and oppression. Some artful men will most probably profit by the general calamity, and usurp power to abuse it.—Had the national assembly afforded the royal family that protection to which they had a right, as subjects of the common-wealth ; and which was surely most sacredly their right, as *King of the French*—Had they granted Louis like power with him who reigns over the greatest, happiest, and freest people in the world—I am persuaded they never had wished to be again possessed of that despotism which they had never abused.—It was clearly the pride and earnest wish of Louis XVI. from his accession to the throne, to give  
free

freedom to his people—and no trait of the queen's conduct has ever shewed that she had a wish beyond that of reigning over the hearts of mankind.

Never did she from envy, vengeance, or pride, send a victim to the Bastille—or degrade even an enemy—Had her friend the duke de Choiseul (who led her a bride to Paris, and to whose friendship she ever was grateful) been chosen minister, in place of the undermining, treacherous Maurepas and Vergennes, France had not lost all reputation for faith, political honor, and respectability—or now have been lost in perfidy and anarchy—the seat of civil—and, in all probability, of unceasing war—

a war! which before five years will bathe in blood the face of Europe—and in which England, from her situation, must largely partake.

There is a crisis in political constitutions, as well as natural ones:—the most sturdy progressively grow pampered, and nurse maladies in embryo—an infant state, emerging from poverty and ignorance, is overwhelmed in bigotry—that enthusiasm gives way at first to reason, which leads mankind to industry and virtue; at last philosophy destroys all restraint, religion and probity give place to incredulity, treachery, idleness, and profligacy, which revolts and repines at all order, and murmurs in seditious discord—at length the poisoned bowl,

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and assassin's knife are employed to smooth those obstacles it has to encounter—every throne totters—and the wisest government is undermined by enemies nursed in its own vitals—which, like unknown volcanoes, convulse every fabrick, and spreads ruin and devestation around.—May Heaven direct you right, my Son, amidst such scenes, is the most ardent wish of her, who is, with the most perfect esteem,

Your affectionate mother,

E. W—LL—CE.

*London, Feb. 20, 1792.*

P. S.

Since writing the above, an event has happened, which has awakened horror,

horror, indignation, and sorrow, in every honest breast—the assassination of the king of Sweden!—the greatest man that has existed for many centuries—a man of the most brilliant abilities—universal knowledge, unequalled greatness of soul—and an elegance of manners rarely united with the learning of a philosopher and the hardiness of a warrior.—His character was not obscured by one vice—nor his mind degraded by any weakness. Simple and humble in his manners—austrere only in those privations by which he restrained himself when either the advantage of his people, or the cause of humanity interested him. His intrepidity as a soldier, and ardent love of glory, was equal to his predecessor Charles the Twelfth. But

his manly judgement, and deliberate prudence, rendered him far superior to that hardy turbulent monarch.

He detested Aristocracy above every thing except Anarchy—His indignation was rouzed at any usurpation of power which oppressed—he early foresaw that lawless depravity which was striking at all order—it did not require the superior mind of the great Gustavus to foresee that all Europe would soon become the prey of a banditti of assassins, who by revolting against all government would raise ceaseless feuds and devastation—He was anxious, as the first step towards tranquillity, and good order, to re-establish the king of France in his rights.—But although he wished to see

Louis

Louis and his faithful adherents enjoy that liberty which was become common to all Frenchmen, he never would have given his aid to re-establish an aristocracy, which could have enslaved and oppressed the people—he became the victim of a murderer from having boldly rescued his own subjects from the despotism of the Swedish nobles. His own liberality and greatness of mind taught him to think that a monarch could rule without oppressing his people with those miseries which arise from either an aristocracy or a democracy, which tyrannizes by an usurped power—the produce of cabal, corruption, and intrigue — which places the lives and fortunes of a blinded people, in the hands of servile, mean-minded men, only ambitious

tious of power—rarely prompted by patriotism—a fictitious will-o-th'-wisps deity, which awakens the enthusiasm of oratory, but vanishes when brought into action—and gives place to a haughty overbearance and despotic rigor towards their fellow-citizens.

Had such a blow been struck at a weak, tyrannical prince, we must have hated the traitor, but less have shuddered at the treason.—But the assassination of such a man as the great Gustavus, has stained the name of Swede, and Jacobine, with a blot which no time can efface, and must hasten into immediate action that anarchy and spirit of revolt which I have announced to you to be inevitable.

It

It is too much the interest of our neighbours, and the disaffected multitude at home, that we should partake of the general convulsion—for England to escape having soon a large share in the contest—even did our foreign alliances not compel us to it—no stone will be left unturned to bring about tumult and discord.—There are so many people who find themselves, by party animosity, denied every vestige of that consequence which riches, birth, and abilities, point them out to partake—and so many more who aspire to raise their insignificancy to those situations, which the levelling tumult of anarchy may place within their reach—they will struggle for a commotion, that, like foul sediment in a cistern, they may

may rise to the surface, and contaminate the whole mass.

The unfortunate murder of Gustavus must necessarily prevent the intended invasion of France—the empress of Russia, deprived of him and Potemkin, will not now hazard so doubtful an enterprise, in a country so distant; besides, such is the strength of the grand duke's party, and the prevalence of discontent, that Catherine's power totters—and although no reform can be looked for in a government, which from its situation, and many unconquerable circumstances must remain despotic, yet it is highly probable, before many moons are past, the usurped power of Catherine, with herself, may be con-

signed to the dust, by such a blow as secured to her the Imperial throne. And with her will fall the pride and grandeur of the north—for the grand duke is by no means equal to the task of wielding the sceptre of despotism in this enlightened age, with that success or eclat which has enrolled in eternal fame the name of Catherine.

The National Assembly prepared for defence, and the troops anxious to invade their hated neighbours, the Germans, will find a foreign war extinguish that frenzy that otherwise would be vented in civil broils—and although our alliances by no means renders the success of the French the interest of the English cabinet, yet a great part of the people have not only specu-

F f lated

lated in the French funds to a great amount, but have also purchased large tracts of land under the new government—and those people most naturally must be deeply interested in the success of the democracy—not to mention a far more numerous body, who are groaning in secret discontent, who will soon furiously give them every support—at present they only murmur in secret cabals, with artful well-chosen Frenchmen, sent to aggravate their spleen—to which they give the fine name of a benevolent wish for the happiness of their Fellow-Citizens of the World.—But they can only convince fools, that with their judgement and abilities they really think it for the comfort of mankind, such lawless anarchy, what-ever

ever their private views may tempt them to appear.

The nature of Frenchmen above all others, will lead them to prey like wolves on each other if they remain without any government. Can a feeling of humanity, or benevolence, make any one wish the annihilation of the King; or that pillage, massacre, and robbery, should be in place of that reformed government which Louis offered them—where every thing injurious to the rights and happiness of his people, he was anxious to suppress. Mankind must be very corrupt, to think it for the honor and happiness of the species, that seas of blood—and the destruction of millions, should enrich and

freedom to the rest—as well say—that the law against highwaymen is an infringement on the rights and liberties of the people—because it prevents them from enjoying that which else they might safely grasp at.

Besides, will the French be happier that ambitious artful men impose upon them?—and, after becoming the objects of their idolatry, not only impoverish them, by taxes and extortions employed to purchase fetters to oppress them, but also rule over them with haughty despotism?—No, they would be more enslaved and oppressed than by the power of a monarch, whose interest must be that of his people—and his best possession the love of his subjects, and that he  
may

may raise them to riches, and leave an unrivalled heritage to his children.

The capricious enthusiasm of the populace past for their favourites, and they are robbed not only of all that power with which they vested them, but every virtue and merit they once rended the skies, by resounding, is blackened by detractors—and they turn serpents in that bosom which once nursed their power—they become venomous enemies to those who replace them—and, anxious to destroy that system which they before gloried in—because it is no longer subservient to their ambition.

The flame of licentious revolt is too much spread now for reason to

restrain it—and the contempt with which every such threat is treated by those in power—like the many unheeded warnings given to the much-lamented hero of Sweden, will probably soon make thousands mourn a similar, at least equalled misfortunes, from quarters, looked down on with too much contempt, to be feared so much, as that any step should be taken to disarm them—and yet it is the depraved alone who should be feared.

The king of Sweden was the best hope, which the lovers of good order, law, or liberty, had.—His fortune and empire was bounded; but his mind, courage, and abilities, was equal to any thing which mortal could

could attempt, or accomplish—and whilst courage or honor awakens the respect, or emulation of mankind, he must ever be recorded as a hero—a pattern of ever social—moral—and warlike virtue. May you emulate his virtues, and be more fortunate; but if you be equally crowned by glory, and self approbation—the assassin may strike—but you will ever survive, to eternal unfading honor, and renown!

By next ships I shall send you some hints upon the state of politicks at home, which seem to afford as much room for speculation as those on the continent.

*April 25th, 1792.*

F I N I S.



